

TOC H JOURNAL

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Communications for next month's issue must reach the Editor not later than the 15th of this month.

TWO LAY SERMONS

As most members now realise, a long rest has become imperative for TUBBY. He began Lent by going to Cornwall (as a picture on another page—see Plate xiv—bears witness), and on March 14 sailed on an oil tanker from Swansea to take up a temporary chaplaincy on the Island of Capri, in the Bay of Naples. His last public appearance before going away was his Pancake Party for London Toc H on Shrove Tuesday, March 4 (see March JOURNAL, p. 94), when he gave the talk which follows.

I PROPOSE to treat you to two sermons, both of which have made history—which is far more than many sermons do. Both are by laymen, raised up to serve and lead our race; both were addressed to Expeditionary Forces. Three hundred years divides their delivery.

The first of these sermons was by Drake. It was given on the Sunday following Doughty's execution.* Of the five ships which sailed from Plymouth Sound, two only now remained, the *Golden Hind* and the tiny *Marygold*. With these he faced the awful mystery of the Magellan Straits. Upon that desolate coast that Sunday morning he pushed aside his wretched chaplain, Fletcher, and said thus :—

“Nay, soft, Master Fletcher, I must preach this day myself, though I have small skill in preaching. . . . Thus it is, my masters, that we are very far from our country and friends. . . . But, my masters, such controversy between the sailors and the gentlemen, such stomaching between gentlemen and sailors, as does make me mad to hear of it. I must have it left; for I will have the gentleman to bend and draw with the mariner, and the mariner with the gentleman. What! let us show ourselves all of a company, and let us not give occasion to the enemy to rejoice at our decay and overthrow. If there be any willing to return home, here is the *Marygold*.”

The word “company” deserves to be rescued from exclusive use by commerce and the Army. And here, with a finer meaning, an English voice rings out beneath the menacing peaks of a foreign shore, “Let us show ourselves all of a company!”

* * *

* Sir Francis Drake sailed on November 15, 1577, in the *Golden Hind* (100 tons), with the *Elizabeth*, *Swan*, *Marygold* and *Christopher* for his famous voyage round the world. At Port St. Julian, near Santa Cruz, in the following summer, he discovered that Doughty, an officer and an old friend, was plotting a mutiny against him. Drake offered him three choices—immediate execution, abandonment on a South American island or being sent to England for trial. Doughty chose the first. Before the end of the year Drake had also to put his chaplain, “Francis Fletcher, the falsest knave that liveth,” in chains. Of his five ships the *Christopher* was lost, the *Swan* broken up for firewood, the *Elizabeth* had deserted; the *Marygold* (30 tons) went down with all hands in a storm soon after (see Tubby's poem in October JOURNAL, 1928). The *Golden Hind*, the first ship ever to circumnavigate the globe, reached Plymouth Sound again on September 26, 1580, after a three years' adventure demanding supreme courage and leadership.

Three hundred years went by, and another great sermon was delivered to another Expeditionary Force. I have even now in my hand the treasured card given to me, as to all, on my enlistment in 1915. On this, in four short paragraphs and three still shorter sentences, Lord Kitchener summed up his message to his men :—*

“You are ordered [abroad as a soldier of the King] to help [our French comrades against the invasion of a common enemy]. You have to perform a task which will need your courage, your energy, your patience. Remember that the honour of *all* [the British Army] depends on your individual conduct.

“It will be your duty not only to set an example of discipline and perfect steadiness [under fire], but also to maintain the most friendly relations with those whom you are helping in this struggle. The operations in which you are engaged will, for the most part, take place in a friendly country, and you can do your own country no better service [than in showing yourself in France and Belgium in the true character of a British soldier].

“Be invariably courteous, considerate and kind. Never do anything likely to injure [or destroy property, and always look upon looting as a disgraceful act]. You are sure to meet with a welcome and be trusted, your conduct must justify that welcome and that trust.

“Your duty cannot be done unless your health is sound. So keep constantly on your guard against any excesses. [In this new experience you may find temptations both in wine and women. You must entirely resist both temptations, and while treating all women with perfect courtesy, you should avoid any intimacy].

Do your duty bravely,
Fear God,
Honour the King.

KITCHENER,
Field-Marshal.”

Let me then take a few of his brief phrases for our own thoughts to-night. The first words are abrupt and definite : “*You are ordered abroad to help.*”

I find these words have a new meaning for me, and I already know that going right away from the one work I love, perhaps for several months, is going to be good for it as well as for me. But these words are also for every one of us. “You are ordered from your homes to help.” I cannot but recall a pregnant phrase of Sawbones, who once told me that he could date a photograph as 1914 by looking at the man’s eyes. They held what he described as “the 1914 look.” That is, the look which came before all disenchantment, the look which almost said : “I am caught up into a great ennobling purpose. To this I am surrendered, and well content to be no longer my own. Henceforth I will find my life by offering it.”

That 1914 look ! Is there not an echo of it in the best Marks and Groups and Branches ? Have we not seen it sometimes across the flame of the Lamp in a man’s eyes at an Initiation ? We wear all sorts of badges in Toc H, but deeper far than any badge there must be something of this inward seal. Toc H is in effect *the ordination of the ordinary man*. Take those words home and tax yourself with them. “I am ordered to help.”

* Tubby did not read the whole message, but it is well worth quoting it here in its entirety. The parts which do not specially apply to Toc H now are put within brackets.

The Kitchener message continues thus: "*You have to perform a task which will need your courage, your energy, your patience.*" "You have to perform a task." Yes, that is true, and truer now than ever. Home Rule has come at last for Toc H in London, and you are now to have your own affairs in your own hands. You are henceforth answerable for the greatest of all Areas. If Toc H London failed or went crooked, Toc H all round the world would suffer past all telling. Yes, you will need to work and pray for this great London Area with a clearer purpose than ever before. Let London live! How easy all these catchwords are, how little they accomplish. The facts are clear enough. Is this great gathering growing year by year more conscious of supernatural guidance? Is it more fiercely discontent with what it has so far accomplished in this most tremendous field?

"You have to perform a task which will need your *courage*." Do not forget that Fortitude is one of the great Christian virtues. Do not forget that the way to build a Group is just the way in which the Irishman once said a big gun is made: "You simply take a hole and pour good metal round it." Is your crowd really fine? Are you proud of them? Are they proud of you? The opposite of fortitude is flabbiness. It is for flabbiness in my physique that I am being exiled, and they are sending me to cure my flabbiness by walking all round Capri and watching a volcano. There's nothing flabby about Vesuvius!

"The task will also need *energy*." It is that solid heroism which goes on going on. Rex Calkin desired that I should make you see the desperate difference between two similar words, 'initiative' and 'imitation.' Toc H is not to imitate other societies. It is neither a new Church nor a typical institution. It does not bind you down to formal methods, but sets you free to find your own best way of doing things worth while. And when you are initiated as a member, you are in effect pledged not to surrender but to fructify your powers of initiative in its service. At Genoa I may catch a glimpse of those strange boats which hope this summer to achieve the purpose for which they were especially built, the salving of the gold in the *Egypt* from its rocky bed off Portugal. Man is no less a buried treasure; and Christendom marks time, until the spot where he was lost to Christianity can be discovered, and the riches of his true discipleship can re-emerge. In this tremendous task Toc H is just one tiny crazy cockleshell determined to succeed, unwilling to put back without accomplishment.

And the third quality it needs—your *patience*. Patience is courage in adversity. We need the spirit Julian Grenfell showed when for the second time he was knocked down and nearly counted out in a rough ring at Jo'burg. He wrote home quite complacently and said: "After I had been knocked down the second time my head began to clear." I know some Groups and Branches that have felt like this after some great rebuff, but in the end they have lived. They found a deeper life in what seemed like defeat.

"Remember," wrote K. of K., "*that the honour of the British rests upon your individual conduct.*" I fancy that the Prince must often have thought of this when thinking of Toc H; for he has stressed it often. He said it at the Albert Hall,

and to the fellows going overseas ; and once gain, most shyly, when he looked in at Leicester and said to the chaps there : " I hope you are really trying to do your jobs. You know I try to do mine."

Lord Kitchener's next paragraph began with *duty*, that duty is not just something being done, but something most contagious which inspires the next man to do his. Kitchener calls doing your duty " an example of discipline," and lays it down that if we are to grow in steadiness we cannot do it without self-control. We stand to-night upon the very verge of Lent, the time especially set aside for learning true self-mastery ; and if you will not learn ever to deny yourself, you will find yourself denying Someone Who really matters. Do not despise a rule which makes you flinch. When once you say " I cannot do without," you simply mean " I am a willing slave of something quite unnecessary."

Then K. of K. goes on to a great paragraph of friendship. "*Maintain*," he writes, "*the most friendly relations with those whom you are helping in the struggle.*" He meant the French, of course ; but in Toc H to-day the men we are helping are the Elder Brethren. We will not rest content with any modern method of belittling what they did, nor of besmirching what they were. We do not ask you to exalt them into a saintliness they never claimed, but we entreat you to beware of any loss in your inheritance. The loss is yours, not theirs. They are beyond our harming them. For with them mere mortality is swallowed up in Life ; and with their detractors mud falls back whence it came. It is not cold, high ethics which help a man to live. It is not codes or shibboleths which steer us through our troubles. It is the names and actions of men who have passed before us on the way, whose steps we trace not yet obliterated, whose voices we half hear ahead of us. These are our guides, and our examples, too. Soon we shall come to Holy Week again, and catch a glimpse of Him whom all men fain would follow, once they can see Him on the road before them. I must not speak of Him to-night to you, for it is better far that we should pray to Him together before we part. Yet you will find when you have time to look at the earliest of all accounts in St. Mark, how that at His Crucifixion an ordinary man took a strange part in it. And if you go to Oberammergau this summer, nothing will strike you more than the incident of Simon of Cyrene, the labouring man, who was the first to bear Our Lord's Cross after Him. And when you find him mentioned in St. Mark's own Gospel, you find it said in brackets that he was the father of Alexander and Rufus, two boys grown into men since that tremendous day. Yet these two grown-up sons were known among the Christians of their age as loving Him Whose Cross their father bore. Alexander and Rufus are noble-sounding names, yet they mean nothing more than Alec and Ginger ; and it is Alec and Ginger, the sons of those who bore the Cross of Christ upon the battlefield, that I address to-night, and to them I would repeat the text that Wesley used when preaching at the dedication of his foundry-church in City Road in 1777. " According to this time it shall be said, ' What hath God wrought '."

P. B. C.

"THEY SHALL GROW NOT OLD"—I

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Twelve years after the Armistice we are deluged week by week by new "war books." Some reflect fine minds, trying to set the good and evil of war as they knew it in true perspective (e.g., Blunden's *Undertones of War*; Douie's *The Weary Road*; the German Binding's *Aus dem Kriege*). Others, in the guise of fiction, picture nobly the men we knew (e.g., the infantrymen in *Her Privates We*, the gunners in *Medal Without Bar*). Others again—and among them the most advertised and widely read—represent the war as "a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing" and the men who fought it as mainly helpless, hopeless and bestial pawns in the hands of some inexplicable Devil. No sane man among us is prepared to glorify war for its own sake, but there is much need at the present time to vindicate both the ideals and the men of 1914-1918. As Douglas Jerrold (*The Lie about the War*) writes: "Was the ordinary soldier—English, French or German—so ignorant of war and its meaning that what he felt to be not merely just but overwhelmingly just in 1914 he saw at once to be unjust and futile as soon as he came under fire? The mere facts give the lie." And it is as untrue to suggest that the average soldier—whether he joined the Elder Brethren or survives among us—was a mere beast as to maintain that he was a sheer saint or hero. For war, surely, is but human life lived under special (and, unhappily, not rare) conditions; it is everyday life, with all its tragedy and humour, faith and fear, excellence and depravity, "speeded up" and greatly intensified. It brings dramatically to light the highest and the lowest in the character of each one of us; it gives the biggest chance to the Divine and the animal nature in all men. It is impossible to deny the utmost "horrors" of war, but it is vain and false to dwell continually upon them. This is so easy (and apparently so profitable to some writers.) that there is a risk lest "the years condemn" the men we knew and loved in the eyes of the younger generation. The object of the series of articles which here begins is to present first-hand pictures, undeniably true, of some of the Elder Brethren. Some will be headed by famous names, others will record obscurer men. What follows is a letter—not written with these pages in mind—from a Toc H member to Tubby

Peter

MY DEAR TUBBY,

Not long ago I wrote to you about the way we in Toc H sometimes speak of the Elder Brethren as though they were all most saintly people, which I felt would have hurt them, and yet I fear that I probably made matters worse by what may have seemed to you a poor kind of iconoclasm of one of the deepest things in Toc H. Yet because the inspiration of the Elder Brethren has in reality always guided me to my best efforts and did in fact lead me into Toc H itself, I have felt impelled to write and tell you something about one of them.

Peter (whose Christian name was actually Paul) was sent to us on the eve of our departure overseas. He was a regular soldier, a Captain at that time, and had been badly wounded soon after that glorious landing at Gallipoli. When he joined us in February 1917 he had, however, been acting for some time as Adjutant of the special reserve battalion in England.

I had been trained as Battalion Signalling Officer, but soon after Peter's arrival our C.O. suddenly decided that a Signalling Officer was not nearly so great a necessity as a full complement of platoon commanders, and I was sent back to No. 14 platoon of D Company, which Peter had taken over. Needless to say we were rather frightened of him at first—we were not only "temporary

gents" in a Second Line Territorial Battalion, but had not had our baptism of fire, and regarded with awe a survivor of that wonderful landing. We need have had no fears, because "the Captain" was the kindest-hearted and most self-effacing man imaginable, and "fathered" us and led us through all our difficulties for many months. I was very young then, and he was always particularly good to me, and the knowledge that he trusted me was a wonderful help at times. He certainly seemed to take a special interest in me, and so it followed that I was the first platoon commander in the Company to take my men into the front line for instruction by seasoned troops. I also took charge of the first working-party supplied by the company, and led out the first patrol in the battalion into No Man's Land. In all this Peter acted as guide, counsellor and friend. In the company dug-out there were insufficient bunks, and I slept for a night or two in a damp hole scooped out in the side of a trench, but the weather being so bad, Peter insisted on my taking his own bed while he sat hour by hour at the table, his head in his hands between the candles, while the mice ran about in front of him, picking up crumbs.

My diary—a skimpy affair—has the following entry under the date Sunday, April 1st, 1917: "C—— is a splendid man and a better Company Commander could not be. He treats us all like a gentleman to gentlemen. We could wish for no better O.C. Coy." (Then follows, "Fancy to-day being Sunday!")

A day or two later I learnt that four of my men had Trench Feet, which was cheery news for me, as a Court Martial had been promised any platoon commander who allowed such a thing to happen. Once again Peter helped me out of my difficulty, and a fortnight later he was to do even more. Our Company strength of Officers had been reduced to the Captain, one other subaltern and myself, and there was little chance of sleep in working the trench duty between us. It had been an exhausting tour in the line—an unsuccessful raid had been made for "identification" purposes, it rained and snowed alternately, and the trenches were full of water. At 4 a.m. on the morning when we were at last to be relieved I was on duty in the front line when the Bosche tried to steal one of our sentries. He was beaten off and left several dead in No Man's Land. Knowing the need for identification I went out a little later with a sergeant and one man to fetch in one of the bodies, and owing to a misunderstanding we were fired on in the first faint light of day by our own Lewis gun, and all three of us were wounded. By that time Peter had arrived, and himself fetched in the most seriously wounded of us, one who subsequently died. I was very sick at heart and felt that the blame was entirely mine, but you can imagine that Peter took it all on himself, told the C.O. he had sent me out (which was untrue), and wrote me a reassuring letter to cheer me up. But there was more in the letter to comfort me than merely saying that it was "all right"—he told me that the Company was not the same without me, and much more in that strain, which touched me very deeply, because we had never been familiar, and I had always carefully preserved the respect due from a boy of 19 to a regular officer who was so much his senior, though I secretly worshipped him.

My wound was only slight, and a month later I was back in France, but was kept at Etaples for a few days. Meanwhile the Company had suffered very heavily, particularly from snipers, and the Bosche had blown a mine which did a good deal of damage. Peter behaved characteristically on that occasion. From the accounts which reached me afterwards he was apparently about the only one who wasn't scared out of his wits by the explosion, which destroyed several trenches and opened up another large crater in No Man's Land. He rallied the men, calmed them and gave them fresh confidence, and prepared them to meet the attack, which fortunately did not follow. There must have been something particularly inspiring about the way his tall figure strode calmly about the damaged trenches—only 60 yards from the enemy—because I was to hear about it from many different lips after my return.

During the last few days in May the weather became very hot, and continued so for several weeks. We had many unpleasant experiences, especially with Minenwerfers, and suffered heavily, particularly in N.C.O.s. Our depleted garrison had to work very hard, mostly at night, to rebuild the damaged trenches and wire, and one afternoon I found every sentry on the Company sector fast asleep at his post. Knowing the penalty, I slipped away in each case without waking them, then found my sergeant and told him to have a look round the posts as I was busy but would be following him very shortly. When my relief came it was with some anxiety that I reported the incident to the O.C. Company, but Peter's sympathy with the men proved quite equal to mine, despite his training in King's Regulations and belief in discipline, and we decided that no one else should ever know the secret of those unguarded posts.

Soon after this we went out to "rest" and spent the happiest days of the War. We were all together—four of us, all excellent friends—in a little cottage garlanded with June roses, in which we dined on ducks and strawberries and fresh butter and cream, while our gramophones were replenished with a stock of the best records money could buy. Twelve months later I was the only survivor of that happy little band.

Our rest did not last long, and we were sent to quite a new sector. I could write a great deal of the way Peter helped us on the long marches, so that D Company did not suffer the loss of a single man—*esprit de corps* counting for far more than bleeding feet, which had been softened by months of duty in the wet trenches. Shortly afterwards our beloved Captain left us and became Second in Command of the battalion. Of his successor as O.C. "D" Coy. I cannot write now, but you know something of him already. He was killed a few weeks later, doing a subaltern's job in order to give the latter a rest. He was by general agreement the finest officer in the battalion, and the most loved by men and officers alike.

About the time that Peter left "D" Company he gave me some advice. I was not to be afraid of pushing myself forward, or to shirk responsibility; he would help me all he could in his new position, and I was to come to him for guidance if ever I needed it. I mention this because so soon afterwards on T.'s death

I was myself O.C. "D" Company, and Peter did come up to my dug-out and talk things over. I felt too young to follow such men as he and T. had been, and, though he urged me to carry on, I prevailed, and it was arranged that I should again become Battalion Signalling Officer, while a much older man from another Company took over "D." I think my decision must have been partly influenced by a desire to be nearer Peter himself—at all events it did have that result, and among other things he taught me to ride his horse.

Those good days were too good to last, and soon afterwards we parted, Peter having prevailed on me to accept the offer of a job attached to the R.E. Signals at Brigade Headquarters. Then we left the sector and went down to the Salient and Passchendaele. Peter fortunately was absent on leave or somewhere when that show occurred, and I, thanks largely to my Brigade H.Q. job, was one of the five surviving officers of my battalion. The Colonel was wounded, but a senior Major returned from somewhere or other and Peter was still Second in Command. From time to time, however, when the Major was away, Peter temporarily realised what he confessed to me was his great ambition—to command a battalion of his own regiment.

During one of these periods an incident occurred which I cannot properly describe, because I have never been able to discover all the facts. It was in January, I think, and we were occupying that hard-won ridge. I was in Bde. H.Q. Pill Box, in bed at about 11 o'clock at night, when the Brigade Major told me to come with him at once to go round the line. I shall never forget that night. The Brigade Major was in a furious temper, and scorned the suggestion, which I ventured to make, of leading him by another route, in order to avoid a certain spot which was being heavily shelled. The result was that in dodging the said shells we both got a particularly nasty fright, and I a complete ducking in a shell-hole. I also got caught in some wire, and we became separated in the inky blackness, which made him still more furious, so that when we entered the headquarters of my own battalion he was ready to find fault with everything. Now the reason for our little jaunt was this—the Divisional Commander had personally rung up the Brigadier and told him that his line was totally unsafe, the sentries not alert, the Junior Officers quite unacquainted with the disposition of the enemy and of the surrounding posts, and the Battalion Commanders too frightened or indifferent to go out of their pill-boxes. This report was due (we afterwards found) to a certain Staff Officer who had never previously visited the front line posts, which were only accessible by night, and had been bidden to do so by the General, got thoroughly scared in the process, was unrecognised by the denizens of the underworld of front line posts and pill-boxes, lost his way, and eventually got back to Divisional H.Q. at 10.30 p.m. and reported as already stated. There was a germ of truth in the report, as the B.M. and I found; a good many of the sentries had not got much idea of the direction of things, and some of the subalterns also, but this is understandable when it is realised that they had only taken over a strange front an hour or two before the Staff Officer arrived on the scene, and had never seen it in daylight. Peter had brought his Battalion in and visited every post; he was

in poor health and tired out ; he offered to come round with us again, I believe, but we went alone.

After various adventures the B.M. and I got back to our own H.Q. shortly before daybreak, and reported what we had found. We were agreed that the line was by no means unsafe, it was well manned and the sentries were alert and knew in which direction to fire, though most of them knew very little else under the circumstances, poor devils.

Peter was sent for to Divisional Headquarters. He would tell me nothing about it, and I could do nothing myself except to tell the B.M. how splendid he had always been with us and ask him to do his best for him. I believe he did, and so did the Brigadier, but scapegoats have to be found when some one on the Staff makes an ass of himself, and Peter was sent back to his own battalion, which he had last seen at Gallipoli. About the same time the Staff Officer who had been the cause of all the trouble also left the Division—which was perhaps as well, because both the Brigadier and the Brigade Major of a certain Brigade had refused to speak to him since the incident.

So Peter's ideal was shattered. We said good-bye and I felt quite sure that I should never see him again. He knew well enough that it was expedient that one man should die for the battalion and I was told that he said nothing in his defence but took the entire blame for the alleged "unsafety" of the line. He was very drawn and haggard when he left ; he had recently lost his mother and his greatest friend had been killed three years' before at the Landing. I expect he felt that the Regiment had been utterly disgraced by his being sent away from us, and I don't think he wanted to live. His letters were quite cheerful, however, and I have since heard that he was very well received in his own battalion, where he was very popular. Later on the letters ceased, and enquiries revealed that he had been reported missing, believed killed. In the German attack near Hazebrouck he was left with a handful of men holding on desperately to cover the retirement of the main body, and never seen again. The Germans buried him and put up a cross, and the French people tended the grave until it was moved to a British cemetery after the War.

So Peter died, and long afterwards I met one of the men who had been with him almost at the end. He told me that they were driven out of their position, and were retiring, Peter the last of all, when the latter got hit. Several men ran to help him but he told them to go on and leave him, because of the heavy machine gun fire, and the enemy close at hand. So Peter was unselfish to the last.

If this story is of any use to you, please do what you like with it. I have purposely refrained from mentioning Peter's surname because he would never have allowed me to do it, and I want to be as loyal as I can. I pray you to conceal my name also, lest it should give a clue. I have told you the story as I knew it and remember it. I hope he will forgive me where it is wrong.

Yours sincerely.

TENDERFOOT

OF BOOKS THERE IS NO END

II.—What is “good English.”

A PARCEL upon the Editor's table a few mornings ago bore the label of Messrs. Longman, the publishers, and the new book for review, which came out of it, the name of Thornton Wilder as author—a name which promises a treat to anyone who has read *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*. The Editor could not forbear reading the first page, even before opening the little pile of letters containing Branch news from the JOURNAL's faithful scribes. And the first page of Thornton Wilder's new book * ran as follows :—

The earth sighed as it turned in its course ; the shadow of night crept gradually along the Mediterranean, and Asia was left in darkness. The great cliff that was one day to be called Gibraltar held for a long time a gleam of red and orange, while across from it the mountains of Atlas showed deep blue pockets in their shining sides. The caves that surround the Neapolitan gulf fell into a profounder shade, each giving forth from the darkness its chiming or its booming sound. Triumph had passed from Greece and wisdom from Egypt, but with the coming on of night they seemed to regain their lost honours, and the land that was soon to be called Holy prepared in the dark its wonderful burden. The sea was large enough to hold a varied weather : a storm played about Sicily and its smoking mountains, but at the mouth of the Nile the water lay like a wet pavement. A fair tripping breeze ruffled the Aegean and all the islands of Greece felt a new freshness at the close of day.

Without turning the page the Editor read this opening through again (strange how the man wastes his time !) and asks you here and now to do the same. “ Well, what of it ? That's just the usual padding one skips in order to get on to the story. The author has to describe the moated grange before he can have a murder done in it—or sunset in the Mediterranean before he can bring the pirates on the scene. What is there in that ? ” And the answer is “ good English ”—and would that one could be sure of writing anything like it !

The man who sought the magistrate's protection against a nagging wife achieved some sort of fame by saying, “ It ain't exactly *not* she says : it's the narsty way she 'as of saying it.” The same—if the idea interests you—is true of writers : it isn't just what they say, but the way they have of saying it, that helps to make books better or worse. In other words we are now off on a very brief meditation about that most entrancing, but elusive, subject, *Style*. Your real “ highbrow ” (which generally means either the very-young-and-foolish or the rather-old-and-depraved, the would-be-smart or the intentionally-shabby) pretends to prize “ style ” above everything in the world—style in dress, in manners, in food, in books, in pictures, in music. For him a novel, so long as it has style need not have a story ; a painting, in order to achieve “ style,” had better avoid truth and beauty ; a piece of music risks spoiling its “ style ” by betraying anything so vulgar as a human emotion. And this is the dull little gospel of “ Art for Art's sake ” which crops up at the intervals all through human history when men are content to criticise but unable to create. The epitaph that such writers, painters or musicians deserve (and perhaps would prefer) is “ He said nothing—but said it very well.”

* *The Woman of Andros*. By Thornton Wilder. Published on March 20th, 1930, by Longmans, Green & Co. 6s. A beautiful, tragic story of life on a small Greek island.

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But let us not for a moment longer discuss "style" in this highbrow sense. Let us assume that the writer's style is just the clothing he uses to dress up ideas that are really living and worth while. A charming frock is not made merely to drape a dummy in a shop window: it is intended to clothe a living person and to help her to express truly her charm of body and mind. And words are not meant to be "words, idle words" but the vivid vehicle of an author's thoughts, flashing them across the page to the reader's mind: writer and reader meet in a good book, like flint and steel striking a spark to illuminate the dulllest hour. But exactly what literary style is, or why one choice and arrangement of words strikes sparks in us while another leaves us still cold, is one of the hardest things in the world to say. All that we can be sure of is that we find one book "readable," that we "like its style," or the reverse. And the books that you and I enjoy most may be entirely different—for taste, happily, varies infinitely, or it would be a monotonous instead of an inexhaustibly wonderful world.

Now, where are we, after all this? Let us be a little concrete. Let us return to Thornton Wilder. Read his first page again—and then try to rewrite it. Change the words (keeping the same meanings, if you can) and alter the order of them in the sentence. First sentence, for instance: "As the globe revolved on its way, it emitted a sigh; the shades of eve overspread the Mediterranean bit by bit, leaving the Orient all dark." That is just as good sense, and it won't make the story that begins on page 2 any less good—so why bother about it? And the only answer is that Mr. Wilder's sentence "runs," while mine limps on a reach-meadown cork leg. Mine straggled, in less than a minute, carelessly out of a fountain pen—and Mr. Wilder's (if I mistake not) took him months to write. When I say that, I mean that one little touch in it may have come to him suddenly and long before on the hilltop or in a 'bus, another word may have been written down, altered, re-written, deleted and restored half a dozen times, and the music of the whole (so simple as it seems) may have been running in his head for days before it found paper at last. It is just the simplest, clearest, most beautiful things (not only in literature) which demand the finest training and the hardest work. And the hard work must not show—*Ars est celare artem*, the art is to conceal art.

Now notice one particular fact about Mr. Wilder's first page (which we are reading together, not as one of the world's masterpieces, but as a good sample of beautiful English). In our exceptionally rich and marvellously mongrel language you can almost always find two words to express the same (or nearly the same) idea. One word comes to us from the Latin—mostly *via* the French of William the Conqueror—and the other from the German—through our Anglo-Saxon forbears. The Latin words are apt to be long, the German words are often short—and the short ones usually hit hardest and "get there" first. Germanic *life* is a greater word than Latin *existence*, *death* than *dissolution*, *hope* than *expectancy*, *fear* than *apprehensiveness*, *God* than *The Deity*. Among the 180 words which make up Mr. Wilder's front page I can only find five words (excluding proper names) which come to us from the Latin—*gradually*, *profounder*, *triumph*, *honours* and *pavement*. And each of those five, coming just where it does, makes its deliberate mark and adds a solemn touch to a simple picture. If you think this is all my-eye, try

substituting the German "deeper" for the Latin "profounder"—and see if you don't lose a lot by the change when you read the sentence aloud. Our author is choosing and using his Latin words sparingly and with the greatest care, as a painter will introduce a touch of a dangerously dark colour to heighten the sunshine of his landscape. Your penny-a-line reporter, on the other hand, loves Latinity for its own sake: he likes to "commence" rather than to "begin," his village bride does not "come into the church" but "enters the sacred edifice," and his mourners do not "lay wreaths" but "deposit floral tributes." And that is not "good English" but simply (to use a Latinised phrase) "meretricious journalism."

"So you mustn't use many Latin words if you want to write good English?" No, it is not so simple as that. Some of the great English writers were steeped in Latin literature, they read the Classics almost from infancy, they could think and speak in Latin if they chose, and the English which came natural to them—and is often magnificent—is full of words from the Latin and sentences which are Latin in shape and sound. Grand old Samuel Johnson was a regular John Bull of an Englishman, but when he had a paralytic stroke in 1783 this (in his own words) was what his instinct bade him do:

I was alarmed, and prayed God that however He might afflict my body, He would spare my understanding. This prayer, that I might try the integrity of my faculties, I made in Latin verse. The lines were not very good, but I knew them not to be very good: I made them easily, and concluded myself to be unimpaired in my faculties.

As a sample of "Latin English" let us take any sentences at random from Edward Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, one of the books "which will live." Why not, then, the very last paragraph in the book?

The historian may applaud the importance and variety of his subject; but, while he is conscious of his own imperfections, he must often accuse the deficiency of his materials. It was among the ruins of the Capitol, that I first conceived the idea of a work which has amused and exercised near twenty years of my life, and which, however inadequate to my wishes, I finally deliver to the curiosity and candour of the Public.

At least 22 out of these 75 words has a Latin derivation—in other words 29 per cent., as against the 3 per cent., of Mr. Wilder's first page. And the whole "feeling" of these two quite straightforward sentences, so calculated and balanced, so restrained in their triumph over a great feat at last accomplished, is very like what a Roman writer would have felt and said.

And now, with Thornton Wilder's example still before us, let us look at another aspect of style—the "building" of a sentence. Lovers of Robert Louis Stevenson, even if they had never read his famous *Christmas Sermon* before, would surely guess "R.L.S." to be the writer of the following sentence:

To be honest, to be kind—to earn a little and to spend a little less, to make upon the whole a family happier by his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary and not to be embittered, to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation—above all, on the same grim conditions, to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy.

Like Mr. Wilder, Stevenson here uses a few big Latin words (*e.g.* "capitulation," "fortitude and delicacy") with fine effect. But it is the shape of the sentence

which deserves our attention for a moment. It clearly cost Stevenson as much work as any of Mr. Wilder's simple phrases—but the result is quite different. It is not in the least simple. If we may presume to criticise an acknowledged master of English style, there is so much art in this sentence that it shows through: it rather "smells of the lamp." If you were trying to express Stevenson's fine idea in conversation, I suppose you would say something like this: "It takes all the guts and tact a man has got to be honest and kind, to live within his income, to give up things and keep smiling, to be quite frank with his friends even at the risk of offending them, and to keep his own self-respect." Your form of words would be just as true, but no one would remember them forty years after your death as they do when R.L.S. says it. It is the "style" of Stevenson—the wayward, challenging, always slightly "posing" style, an expression of the whimsical courage with which all his life he fought mortal disease—which at its best fascinates and draws on his readers and at its worst irritates them. Writing a "pot-boiler" on his sickbed to provide bread and cheese for his family, he lets slip such absurdities as: "Under night's cavern arch the shrubs obscurely bustled" (*Prince Otto*), which merely means that it was dark in the garden. That is self-conscious and artificial English style running clean off the rails.

But we must take leave of the whole subject, almost before we have scratched the surface. If you are going to *read* books, the way they are written will count, for better, for worse, every time. If you are only out to gulp a story down and then forget it, the style it is written in is neither here nor there. Recently I was travelling North from King's Cross. The man who took the opposite corner seat bought two Edgar Wallace's at the book-stall a minute before the train started. Probably one was marked "Midday edition" and the other "Late extra"—I did not notice. He "broke the back" of one with a crack (that makes any lover of books go all goosey down the spine) and began to devour it. Before we reached Peterborough he threw it away, finished. He tackled the second without a pause and was half way through when I got out at Grantham. That is not reading, any more than sucking an empty pipe in Lent is smoking: it is a way of filling up time without having to think. I am not saying anything against Mr. Edgar Wallace. He is a benefactor to mankind—to overworked Prime Ministers and Bishops as well as to overworked you and me—in this hurried age. He provides us with an appetising lunch at the snack-bar, a tune to jazz to, not a symphony that lays our souls bare in a darkened concert hall. Words are the tools of his most capable trade, but it does not matter if their steel is well-tempered; his sentences hold together well enough with glue and can dispense with laborious dove-tailing. His books can't easily be beaten for an hour's use—but this article was supposed to be about that mysterious thing called "literature."

What is "good English?" Surely, the assembly of words, chosen out of so rich a treasury, which enable each man, after his kind, to say most clearly and truly what is in his mind and heart. And it isn't only what he says, but also the way he says it, which counts for very much of the author's message and the reader's enjoyment.

B. B.

A BOYS' CLUB IN BOULAC

ALL readers of the JOURNAL who have a nose for a good book will no doubt by now have got wind of Miss Padwick's *Temple Gairdner of Cairo*. Gairdner gave his life to our Lord and to Egypt, and worked there all his days under the Church Missionary Society. He passed over on May 22nd, 1928, and left behind him in Egypt the best fruit of a great life ; men and women converted to love our Lord and to build bravely for Him in the non-Christian surroundings of that tumultuous city of Cairo.

This which follows is a little footnote to the story of his life. It is the story of how a few young Egyptian Christians in the Civil Service, fired through Gairdner by the Spirit of God to do great work for Him, formed themselves into a small team of "sheep-dogs" and tackled a proposition in the way of running a boys' club which, for sheer doggedness and adventurousness, makes the toughest club in our own big towns a rest-cure by comparison. Last August I spent an evening in this club, and heard something of its work from Adib Effendi Shammas, one of its leaders. Adib Effendi has set down a brief outline of its work on paper, and when I quote from that, I do so without altering his actual words.

As you are driven from the Central Station of Cairo on your way to the city, you do not pass through Boulac, for Boulac lies just behind the station, just as Somers Town and its Church of Adventure lies behind Euston. Boulac is locally known as "The Cocaine Factory" and "The University of Thieves." Nearly everyone has been, is, or hopes to be, a criminal. People live herded together anyhow in a rookery of small houses of mud-brick, and down the narrow lane, at the end of which the club lies, they swarm like flies, and fill the cafes (open to the street and lit by night with naphtha flares), and drink and talk and argue and laugh and shout and order another and go off to get their living as best they may. There is, of course, no compulsory education as yet, and boys get taken on at quite an early age in cigarette or match factories, or else they just "help father." By the time manhood is reached there is not the same need to make a living slowly in a factory : other ways have offered themselves. There is, of course, no formal employment for women or girls. In the lane smells are quite general and the family goat adds his quota to them, and the small children and the hens add their noise. Water melons abound in the shops, and the remains of water melons, with other more telling debris, fill the side of the road. It is full of cart ruts, and when a Ford is driven down it there is little space on either side between the car and the houses.

The lane is full of cart ruts, and in Boulac all life is a rut. It is a rut full of people who have never dreamed of getting out of it, never indeed imagining that there was for them any other pathway of life along which they could walk ; only for them this dirty rut of intermittent employment and fairly frequent crime, all mixed up with drugs and deceit.

Here then in September, 1925, came a few Egyptian greathearts to whom God had given the job of showing some pretty bad specimens of Egyptian boyhood



Among recent jobs, many of the Taunton Branch of Toc H and L.W.H. happily remember the assistance given in the production of a Mystery Play, *The Man and Everyman*, which was enacted in the church of St. John the Evangelist, Taunton. The play was written and produced by the Rev. F. E. Spurway (Branch Padre, late Area Padre, West Midlands) as a mission to his parish and to "every-man."

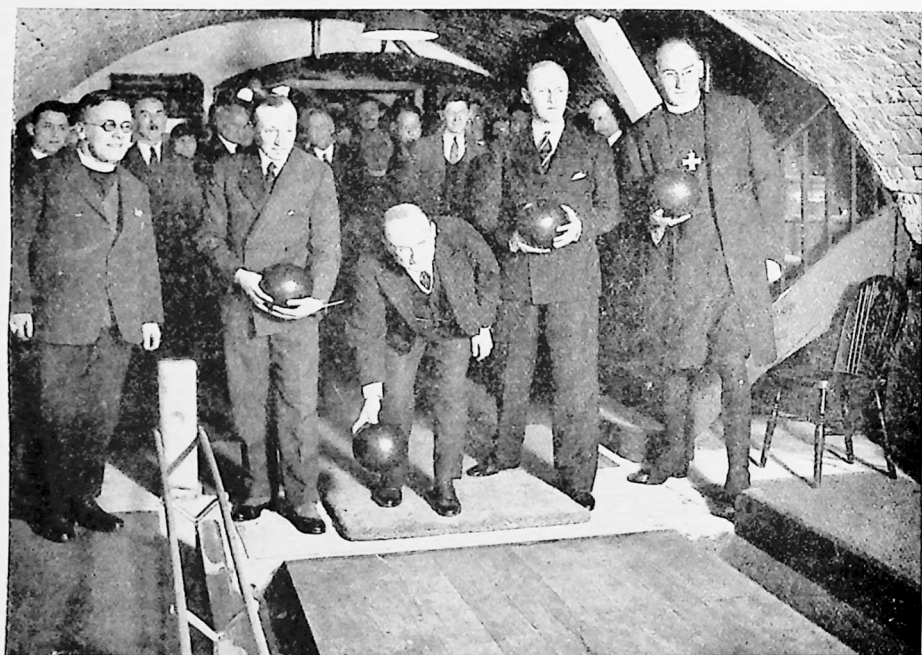
It opens with tableaux depicting the creation and fall of Man, a reciter, hidden high in the chancel, speaking as the Voice of God, and an unseen choir chanting softly the praises of the firmament and the "children of men." Everyman (played by the Padre) is tempted of the seven deadly sins, and is left by them, bound with their cords, lamenting his fall. The Voice of God is then heard telling how a "Virgin shall conceive, and bear a son," and a succession of beautiful scenes unfold the story of the Nativity. The second portion of the play opens with Everyman bound to the cross by the seven sins, and being mocked by them. He is released by Mother Church, who gives him good counsel, but he is again tempted and falls. Mother Church patiently calls him to her, bidding him untie the cords with which the sins had made him bind her hands. She then instructs him to confess his wickedness, and, absolving him, bids him strip his seven friends of their vivid cloaks of wickedness, that by so doing he may change them into virtues. He does so, and is received by Mother Church as her true child. She bids him to the sacrament, in "charity with all men," and the play closes with the prayers of Everyman for "every man."

Copies of the play (price 6d. post free 7d.) may be obtained from the Branch Padre, St. John's Vicarage, Taunton, Somerset.

Photo : W. A. Crockett, Taunton.



"PATIENCE ON A MONUMENT, SMILING AT GRIEF." Tubby on a Cornish Dolmen, March 1930.



THE OPENING OF THE SKITTLE-ALLEY AT TALBOT HOUSE, TRINITY SQUARE, ON SHROVE TUESDAY.
Left to right : Tubby, Lord Middleton, Lord Wakefield, Sir Henry Segrave, Bishop Neville Talbot.

a finer way of life. It was for Cairo, says Abid, to be "a kind of new club; a working boys' club for boys from ten to twenty. The boy worker who is neglected by the Government and by his Egyptian brother, to whom I might give the name of 'the outcast people of Egypt.' The club for these boys is the first of its kind. Its purpose is to raise the poor boy: it is run by many Christian branches co-operating financially." Best of all, "it is run by Egyptians themselves."

At the further end of this long lane in Boulac there is an old house: just such a house as, in England, is eminently suited for such a club; not too much glass in the window-frames, not too many doors in the doorways, and a fair-sized courtyard in front, surrounded by a brick wall. The club was housed here and it opened with a membership of five. "When the club was opened . . . the people made a kind of a demonstration." The particular kind of demonstration was that the fathers of Boulac, not wanting their sons to be lifted out of the rut by these unnecessary Christians, took stones and half-bricks and threw them at the club managers, and surged round them with angry shouts and with sticks as they made their way to the club. One of the opponents made it his job to go round the district and warn people not to send their boys to this club. But the managers were not dismayed. From the way they tell the story of this, they were not even surprised. When you, a native of a non-Christian city, champion our Lord in that city, you expect that. "Ye shall be hated of all men for My name's sake," is a saying with meaning in it in Islam, particularly for an active native Christian.

However, they were not disurbed by this. They measured the force which was opposed to them, and realised its strength. They saw that it would be foolish to square their shoulders and defy the crowd. Besides, they wanted to make friends, not to perpetuate hostility. So they did a much wiser thing. Since this club was to be "God's show," they took the whole matter to Him in definite valiant interceding before Him for their work, praying that God's will might be done through them. And "knowing that Jesus loves these boys and cares for them . . . we went on."

Those prayers were heard. A Christian who made some sort of an attempt and gave it up when things got too hot, this man Boulac could understand. A man who called in the police to help him, Boulac could understand too. But a little knot of Christians who quietly went on with their job, showing a steady bravery and an unbroken courtesy—this was a rare sight indeed. Something pretty much like a miracle happened in the lane.

It was a miracle of love. "We began with five boys, now we have eighty. The man who volunteered to go round warning people, he himself brought his son to the club." The conquest had been made. The night we visited the club,* Adib Effendi met us near the station, and escorted us and our Ford bus down the lane. We went slowly, because the going was bad even for a Ford. On our way we were joined by another club manager. These two smart young Egyptian civil servants, as they escorted us down the lane, were passing among

* A party of students from a Church of England theological college.

good friends. When the bus, successfully avoiding a chicken on one side of the road, lurched dangerously near a group sitting outside a cafe, some rather terse Arabic was exchanged, but it was done with an air as between friends, who shared the huge joke of a dead feud. With such adventures, and so received, we made our way down the street.

So we arrived at the club. The place was tremendously like what Bermondsey must have been in the days of "the Doctor."* It buzzed with activity, with obvious affection not too unnaturally tempered by obedience. It was noisy—but the three men who were on duty that night moved about quite used to it all and quite masters of the situation. We went through the club in ascending stages of quietness. It is on the ground floor that we must spend most time, for it is there that the boys of Boulac spend most of their time, and indeed learn many of their most valuable lessons, though already some go higher. The second floor is used for quiet games, such as bagatelle and ping-pong; the top floor is the schoolroom, where (remember that most of the club members are nearly illiterate) simple educational work is done, reading, writing and the like, and where Bible classes are held, with a weekly lantern service. There is a small library, too, for such as can and care to use it. Now we can go downstairs again. Here muscle reigns supreme, and loyalty to the side and personal courage are lessons that are gladly learned. Gladly—this is the true word and in some ways the amazing thing, that the younger brothers of the "Cocaine Factory" gladly learn lessons of mutual help and of the finest values in life. True beyond suspicion of doubt it is that, with the risk taken and the chance given, no boy, not even a Boulac boy, would own a wasted life, if there were but men to lead him in the adventure of finding a life more worthy of himself.

The great Boulac game is weight lifting. Boxing is carried on, and enjoyed, but—it is not weight lifting. That is what they really enjoy. The club expert demonstrated for us—a great large-built young man of about seventeen, his muscles rippled easily under his shining brown skin, as he almost waved the great iron weights about him. And football—this is an equal enthusiasm, and the time is coming in Boulac when the Club will count with all more than any individual achievement. Other games, "P.T. games," as we call them in England, are great favourites. There is one direct contribution which English churchmanship, in the person of the club's ordained guests, made to the life of the club; that was the game (do you know it as "Dead Mutton" or "Melting Candle"?), where the players seat themselves in a close ring while one of their number, holding himself perfectly rigid, stands in the centre of the ring, falls back, and is handed round from man to man until he, or someone in the circle, collapses. There is perhaps something symbolic in that the closest contact of the visitors with the club was not in the schoolroom upstairs with one of their number "saying a few words," but on the ground of the outside courtyard, where indeed the contact was very close. Cheers all round and mutual grins (the language difficulty again!) concluded the performance.

* See the JOURNAL for June and July, 1924.

Our visit was only a brief one of an hour or two, and our impressions were invariably scrappy, but they were large enough to show us something very definite of a big new work, small enough in size, but big out of all proportion to that size. Adib Effendi shall himself have the last word, a word of counsel to his brother club managers here at home, and a word of explanation as to the true "why and wherefore" of this Boulac club, and indeed of all clubs that would count themselves worth while. "I shall never forget," he says, "the day when one boy in the club asked me to allow him to walk with me to my house. When we were alone in the street, he said to me: 'Please tell me, and tell me frankly, what is the secret.' I asked him to explain what he meant. He said, 'I would like to know the secret. Gairdner, the great man, comes to teach us arithmetic; Morrison joins us in outings and cheers us with his entertainments; Richmond tries to bring joy to our hearts with his funny games every Saturday; Y.M.C.A. members and others come to teach us and help us; what is the secret? We never had this in Islam.' I told him that the whole secret is in Jesus Christ, and explained how that if you have a bottle of good scent, when you open it, you will smell its fragrance, and when you put some of it on your clothes it will spread everywhere and everybody that touches you or comes near you will smell the odour that you have. It is the same with Jesus: He has good gifts for service and sacrifice."

R. C. T.



"Until the Evening"

'TIS twenty-nine to-day he'd be,
 And now he lies in Picardy.
 I thought to take a little rest
 About this time, I never guessed
 He'd leave me thus. So needs must I
 Toil on and on until I die.
 The church bell tolls the hour of three,
 I almost wish it tolled for me.
 The harrow rattles o'er the ground,
 The harness jingles, and the sound
 Of loaded wagon in the lane
 Brings me no joy, but only pain;
 For Jack should be a-riding there
 Or leading Sue, the chestnut mare.

I fear to tell the Springs I've seen,
 Or count the many times I've been
 All up an' down this selfsame field;
 'Tis Springtime now, the buds long
 sealed
 Have burst their prisons to the song
 Of thrush birds all the woods among.
 The sun swings down to Storridge hill,
 The clouds move there his grave to fill.
 To-morrow he will rise again,
 And shine through bars of April rain.

* * *
 O Jack, my boy, the Spring, the Dawn!
 * * *

*'Tis twenty-nine to-day he'd be,
 But now he rests in Picardy.*

JAMES T. GRIFFITHS.
 Mark VI, Birmingham.

AREA COUNCILS AND AREA CONFERENCES

IT is quite generally recognised that the great growth of Toc H in this country makes it necessary not only to "administer" Toc H more and more by Areas, but to set up in these Areas local committees which to a very large extent take the place of the Central Executive in so far as Area business is concerned. These committees, whose constitution was sanctioned by the Central Executive in February, 1929, were originally called Area Councils, but now bear the more appropriate name of Area Executive Committees.

WANTED—"ORGANS OF DISCUSSION."

These committees, like the Central Executive, are "organs of business." Their primary concern is to dispose promptly and fairly and efficiently of the practical business of the family, which grows steadily as the family grows. But everyone knows that that is not enough. We must get our business done. But it is even more important that in addition to our executive committees, our "organs of business," we should have other bodies, which are primarily "organs of discussion," dealing not with details of business, but with questions of principle, with matters affecting the life of the family. There have arisen in the past, as we all know, questions which could be settled only by full and frank and patient discussion among large and very representative bodies of members, most of whom have had no concern with the running of the business affairs of Toc H. That will happen again. And something else will happen. The question will arise whether it is or is not the duty of Toc H to put its weight behind this or that good cause, to support, or not to support, the demand for such and such a reform. This point was raised, it will be remembered, by Alan Colthurst, at the last Staff Conference. The general opinion seems to have been that our policy, for the present, should continue to be what it has been up till now—to concentrate on the building up of Toc H, and to leave to the future the question of how the weight and influence of Toc H, as a corporate body, should be used. I am not challenging that opinion. My concern at the moment is that the corporate weight of Toc H cannot be used in any particular direction until the common mind of Toc H has been ascertained, and that I do not see at the moment any really adequate way of forming and ascertaining that common mind. Neither the Central Executive, nor any number of Area Executives, can really do this. For this purpose we must have a body or bodies which represent Toc H far more fully than any committee of this type ever can. And we must have bodies which are not, like these committees, faced at each meeting with masses of business which must be disposed of. We want bodies more like the Central Council in size and "make-up," and which have so little "business" that they can devote practically the whole of a long session to the discussion of one or two really important matters. The Central Council was meant to play this part in the life of Toc H, and whatever we may decide on now, the Central Council must and will remain, not only the supreme controlling authority in Toc H, but the final "organ of discussion." But I think that it plainly wants to be supplemented and supported by other "organs of discussion," formed, broadly speaking, on the same model, and by Areas. The mere fact that there are only 100 seats on the Council to be filled by election and that there are nearly 500 Branches and Groups in the country, shows that the Central Council cannot by itself provide adequate opportunities for discussion.

AREAS, LARGE AND SMALL.

We now have ten Areas in England, viz., London, Eastern, East Midlands and Lincs., Yorkshire, Northern, North-Western, West Midlands, Western, Southern, South-Western. The Southern Area, which is very small, seems likely to grow at the expense of the Eastern, which is too large. Otherwise, the Areas in England seem to have "settled down" until the time comes when it may be necessary to divide them. Then we have three more Areas different from the others as they are separate countries, Scotland, Ireland and Wales. The Areas are obviously

very different in circumstances, including the way in which they are "staffed." They are also different in size. Some have ten units or fewer; London will soon have a hundred. Just as we have introduced the district system gradually, as opportunities offered, and are introducing Area Executives gradually, so, I think, we shall have to introduce gradually the new "organs of discussion" which I am now going to propose. The setting up of District Committees comes before the appointment of an Area Executive with its large powers of control. And the setting up of an Area Executive binding the whole Area together as an organised unit ought to come, I think, at least as a rule, before the forming of new local councils. And we shall have to take account of two points of detail, important detail. We must treat a little differently the really large area and the small one, simply because an organ of discussion, if its numbers are too large, becomes unwieldy and less efficient. And we must recognise the fact that three of the present areas are countries.

THREE PLANS FOR AREA COUNCILS.

In order to take account of these differences I think we shall have to have three plans for forming Area Councils: plan A being the normal one; plan B being intended for Scotland and Wales only, and, when the time comes, Ireland, and being, except on one point, the same as plan A; and plan C for large Areas which I would define as Areas with more than 60 units.

(a) For normal Areas.

Plan A should, I think, be this. All members of District Committees in Areas in which Groups have only one elected representative each on District Committees would be Area Councillors. In Areas in which Groups have two representatives on District Committees, the Group representatives without power to vote would *not* be Area Councillors, but all other members of District Committees would be. Then, because part of the business of the Area Council would be to keep touch with the Area Executive, each body having something to teach and something to learn from the other, all members of the Area Executive would, *ex officio*, be Area Councillors. (These would include the Association Padre serving on the Area Executive, and the Administrator or his deputy.) Lastly, the Central Executive ought to have power to nominate as Area Councillors *not more than* 10 members. There are many General Branch members and others, useful in council, who could not find a place in the Council unless this power of nomination existed. Also, occasions are quite certain to arise in which a Council would be greatly helped by the nomination of a few "experts."

As long as there are any units left outside districts, I would propose that each Branch not in a district should elect two Area Councillors and each Group not in a district one Area Councillor.

(b) For Scotland, Wales and Ireland.

Plan B would apply only to Scotland and Wales, and later to Ireland. The only difference I would propose would be that in these Areas there might be a limited number of Area Presidents and Vice-Presidents. One President and three Vice-Presidents would *seem* to be enough, but, as the late Council for Wales thought differently, I would propose that Plan B should *permit* the appointment of not more than three Presidents and not more than nine Vice-Presidents, so that, when the new arrangements are introduced in Wales, we should still have the advantage of retaining on the list of Area Presidents and Vice-Presidents all those who, in these capacities, have helped in the early stages of the building of T.O.C.H. in Wales. It should be borne in mind in considering these suggestions that the existing Executives in Scotland and Northern Ireland, and the late Executive in Wales, are not Area Executives of the type or with the powers of those established in the North-Western and Yorkshire areas. And the Councils in those countries are not Area Councils of the type we are now considering. The Scottish Council and Executive can, and, I hope, shortly will, be "converted" into an Area Executive and Council on the new

model, retaining their present names, but with much greater powers. I hope also that in Wales we shall have shortly both a Council and an Executive on the new model. In Ireland, in spite of some progress in which we can heartily rejoice, we need a whole time staff and further development before anything else. In Scotland and Wales, and later in Ireland, the Area Presidents and Vice-Presidents would be *ex officio* Area Councillors. (In plan B, as in plan A, Branches not in districts would elect two Area Councillors, and Groups not in districts one Area Councillor.)

(c) *For large Areas.*

The reason for having plan C in large Areas is simply that the Council formed on plan A or plan B would be too large to be a convenient "organ of discussion" for much of the business which came before it. I have suggested that it should apply in Areas in which there are more than 60 units. But even in these areas there must, I think, be some recognised body in which *every* unit in the Area is represented, and in which information can be given by word of mouth, explanations asked for, and grievances ventilated. Therefore, in these large Areas, I would have an *Area Conference* which, though it would not be an Area Council, would be made up in exactly the same way as an Area Council on plan A, every unit being represented by the members it had elected, with power to vote, to its District Committee. In Scotland, Wales, and later Ireland, when they have more than 60 units, an Area Conference would be formed in the same way, with the Area Presidents and Vice-Presidents as additional members. And the same rule as before would apply to any units which had not yet been included in a district. The Area Conference, where it existed, would be a purely advisory body, with no executive powers. It would exist to receive and give information, to ask questions and have them answered, to ventilate grievances. Its resolutions would be in the form of requests or recommendations to the Area Executive, unless the Administrator or his deputy certified that the subject of the resolution was not a matter which the Area Executive had power under its constitution to deal with. In that case it would be open to the Conference to pass a resolution in the form of a request or recommendation to the Area Council. The Conference would meet regularly in October, and could be called together at other times if necessary. Part of its business at its October meeting would be to select from its own members the elected members of the Area Council. The only people concerned in this selection would be the members of District Committees (and the members of the Conference elected directly by units not in districts). These members would be divided into three "bands": (1) district officers and nominated members, (2) members elected by Branches, (3) members elected by Groups. To each of these bands the Area Executive, which would be allowed to fix the number of elected Area Councillors at any convenient number from 90 to 100, would allot its proportionate share of seats, and the three bands would then proceed, separately, to fill each its own share of the seats from its own members. Let us suppose, for example, that in the Conference there were 48 district officers and nominated members of District Committees, 90 elected by Branches and 44 elected by Groups, 182 in all. In this case the Area Executive would plainly find that the most convenient number to fix was 91, and when they fixed that, they would have to allot 45 seats in the Council to Branch representatives, 22 to Group representatives, and 24 to the "band" of district officers and nominated District Committee members.

DUTIES AND POWERS OF AREA COUNCILS.

Having now put forward a plan for gradually forming Area Councils everywhere—it obviously cannot be put in force everywhere at once—I wish to suggest what we should do with them. I would have each Area Council hold at least one Annual Meeting between February and March 25—that is, sometime after the time fixed for the Area Conference in "large" Areas, and a sufficient time before the Annual Meeting of the Central Council, which must be in April. And I would provide for additional meetings being called either by the Central or the Area Executive,

or on a requisition stating the reason for asking for a meeting and the business proposed to be discussed, the requisition to be signed by 15 Area Councillors, or, if the total number of Area Councillors was less than 43, by one-third of the total number of Area Councillors. At the Annual meeting in the spring there ought to be a report from the Area Executive to the Council on the year's working, with full information about Area finance. Apart from this, provided due notice was given of the subject in time for it to be included in the summons to the meeting, I think that these Area Councils ought to be entitled to pass resolutions on any matter affecting the life and work of Toc H in the Area or generally, and that the Administrator should be bound to see to it that any such resolutions were put before the Area Executive, if competent to make decisions on them, and in other cases before the Central Executive, and also before the Central Council, as early as practicable. These Area Councils would have no executive powers and their resolutions would have no binding force—except and in so far as the Central Council may decide in the future to delegate powers to Area Councils. But under the procedure suggested, a resolution of an Area Council, which did not deal with a local matter on which the Area Executive had power to pass orders, would come before the Central Council, either for orders, or for information and review, with a report of action taken on it by the Central Executive.

SCHEME, IF APPROVED, TO BE INTRODUCED GRADUALLY.

Under the present "constitution," after the first term, for which all members are nominated, an Area Executive is to consist half of members nominated by the Central Executive and half of members elected by District Committees, with the Administrator (or deputy) as an additional member. In London this method at present gives 25 as the number of the Area Executive, and the number of districts is likely to increase. If we adhere to the present method of "constituting" Area Executives, the London Executive will soon be too large. Also in some areas where units are widely scattered it may be desirable to have an Area Executive before the district system can conveniently be introduced throughout the Area. Under our present rules we cannot do that. And, a more important point than these, when an Area Council has been formed, the natural arrangement is that, as in the case of Toc H as a whole, the Area Council should elect the greater part of the Area Executive. For all these reasons I suggest that, if we decide on having Area Councils, we should also decide that at the first convenient stage the power of electing members to Executives which is now given to District Committees should be transferred to Area Councils, and that the number of members of an Area Council should be fixed, quite apart from the number of districts in the Area. Further, I think that it should be laid down that when the Area Council is given this power to elect it should always have power to elect at least half of the Area Executive, and usually more than half. I do not think that any more exact rule than this should be laid down at this stage. It is most important to remember that while in some Areas Toc H has had much experience in committee work, and is also fairly well staffed, in others this is not the case yet. It is advisable at this stage, I think, to confine ourselves as far as possible to principles, and when principles have been settled to leave the working out of the details to the Central Executive, who ought to introduce the scheme gradually, taking into account the strength and general development of Toc H in each Area, the personnel available, and the staff which is, or can be, provided.

These ideas are put forward now as suggestions only. The Central Executive is not committed to them. I hope to be able to raise the question at the Central Council meeting in April.

P. W. M.

Toc H Working Boys' Camp, New Barnet

This Camp on the Sports Ground at New Barnet will be opened each week-end from Easter onwards. Tents, ground-sheets, cooking utensils, etc., are available at nominal charges, and scoutmasters and club-leaders who desire accommodation should make early application to L. F. Collison, 172a, High Street, High Barnet.

FRESH AIR FROM NEW ZEALAND

A Schools Camp

THE annual schools camp of Wellington Toc H, held in January at Resolution Bay, was attended by boys from Wellington, Wanganui and Hutt Valley Secondary Schools, with boys from the Presbyterian, Anglican and Salvation Army Boys' Homes as guests. The camp was pitched in an orchard close to the beach. The first week's weather was glorious, the second broken by severe storms which flooded some of the tents, and the camp ended in fine weather again. Two boats gave the campers splendid chances of fishing; bathing parades were held twice daily; launch trips to Picton, etc., were run; and many parties explored the bays and hills on foot. Swimming sports, a treasure hunt, and a final concert added to the joys of camp; two short services were held each Sunday, and Communion was celebrated in the woolshed, rigged as a chapel. The indefatigable "Ben" Malyon (Wellington Branch) was camp commandant. (For pictures, see Plate xv.)

A Conference at Wellington

The same fine atmosphere of love and faith and rollicking fun that the writer has so often experienced in Toc H company in other parts of the world—in the London Marks, at Bromley, at Mark V, Southampton, at Colombo and Melbourne, etc.—was to be found at the Wellington Conference on February 1 and 2. To translate into words the spirit which showed itself during those two days is well-nigh impossible—but there it surely was. Twelve of our members, six senior and six junior, attended. The house in which the conference took place and where we slept on Saturday night has two rooms and a veranda, so it was fairly close quarters. Three of the juniors occupied one bed and to the envy of an older member in the same room, who swanked in lonely exile on a four-poster with a somewhat timorous mattress, they slept soundly the whole night through, one of the number showing an amazing range in his powers of snoring from lower C to top A. In the other room an elongated specimen of humanity, during his troubled slumbers on two cushions and a chair, gave us interesting talks on the problem of selling cars. An early morning tea parade and a glorious sunrise assisted in starting the day in the gayest of humours.

Among the many subjects which were considered, four stand out as of first importance:—

(1) *The necessity of a corporate meal.*—Despite the dyspeptic considerations of older brethren and the family ties of those married, it was agreed that we should all do our utmost to foregather in time for tea, especially on Guestnights. There are other difficulties besides those already mentioned, but "the common meal as a true sacrament of fellowship is the inheritance of the Toc H Family and should be the family custom beyond gainsaying" (*vide "Food and Fellowship," JOURNAL, July, 1927*).

(2) We acquiesced with the suggestion that, as in an Australian Branch, the Pilot, Jobmaster and Secretary be empowered to recommend the *removal of an initiated member's badge* for a period, if he slacked off, did not attend meetings or volunteer for jobs without any proper excuse. This matter is to be brought before a general meeting of members for their consideration.

(3) *More and better music.*—It was agreed that our musical efforts were poor in the extreme, and the offer from one of our members to educate us to better attempts was eagerly accepted. It was suggested that at least six songs of a community character should be learnt, together with two Maori songs and a Toc H *Haka*. A member promised to print on a spring blind the words of *Rogerrum*: the old Queen's Westminster marching song is to be reserved for Guest-nights only, as it has been heard too frequently at our meetings.

(4) *A Dominion magazine*, edited and produced by Wellington with the co-operation of the other Branches and Groups in New Zealand, was considered and agreed upon.



1. RESOLUTION BAY: two photographs, showing both sides.
2. The CAMP-GROUP (five members absent).
3. Campers leaving PICTON after a picnic.
4. The boys on the BEACH.
5. Boys sailing the large boat in the bay.
6. A flock of sheep being mustered by the boys.

(For Report see opposite page.)

Branded. SHIPPED by the Grace of GOD, in good Order and well conditioned, Ly
 DIXON, ALLEN, & C.^o
 in and upon the good Ship called the *Anna*
 whereof is Master, under GOD, for this present Vo yage, *King B. L. L. L.*
 and now riding at Anchor in the River DOURO and Ly GOD's Grace bound for
 to say,

Eighty Pipes and Port Wine

being marked and numbered as in the Margin, and are to be delivered in the like
 good Order and well conditioned at the abovesaid Port of *London*
 (all and every the Dangers and Accidents of the Seas and Navigation, of what-
 ever Nature and kind soever excepted) unto *John Dixon, Master*
 or to *his Assigns*, he or they paying Freight for the said Goods
 with Primage and Average accustomed. In Witness whereof the Master or Purser
 to the said Ship hath affirmed to three Bills of Lading, all of this Tenor and Date,
 the one of which three Bills being accomplished the other two to stand void;
 and so GOD send the good Ship to her desired Port in safety. Amen.
 Dated in PORTO the *5th* *April* 1723.

John Dixon

TO THE GREAT MASTER INDENTURE OF APPRENTICESHIP

This Indenture witnesseth, that John Greatheart
 did on the feast of St. George at St. Michael and All Angels Church
 put himself Apprentice to His Master, to learn his Art, and with him (after the manner of a true
 Apprentice) to serve with right good will and a wholesome heart. The said Apprentice his Master
 faithfully shall follow, his Secrets keep, his commands everywhere gladly do. He shall do no damage
 to his Master, nor see it be done by others, but to his power shall let and stand against such injury
 to his Master's good cause. He shall not waste the goods of his Master, nor use them unlawfully. He
 shall not play at any such games whereby his Master may suffer loss. He shall not absent himself
 unlawfully from his Master's service Day or Night. But in all things, as a faithful Apprentice, he
 shall behave himself towards his Master, his Master's friends, and all that are, or shall be, His.

And for the true performance of all and every the said Covenants and Agreements, the
 Apprentice setteth his hand thus :

SEALED FOR THE MASTER THUS



Witness Mark Faithful -
 Print.

Signature of Apprentice John Greatheart

Date The twenty-third day of April

The Communion Service on the Sunday morning, at a small church in the neighbourhood, will not readily be forgotten. All the twelve were there, and as there were only fourteen others in the congregation, of whom nine were women, the added strength of the male sex must have led the local Church people to think furiously about this strange family who for the rest of the day—the hottest so far this summer—appeared garbed in bathing costumes, singing joyously and playing like boys still in their teens. The final session was held—still in bathing togs—far away from the crowded beach, at the top of a hill overlooking the harbour. Family prayers at the start and close of each session were the order of the day. The Ceremony of “Light” was taken by our Pilot before our talk on the preceding evening. We all realise how much has been gained by this attempt to bring us closer together in the things that matter most (as well as in more mundane affairs) and it has been decided to hold a further retreat during the first week-end in March.

C. C.

“NOT SLOTHFUL IN BUSINESS, SERVING THE LORD”

ON the opposite page we reproduce two documents which show how the language of religion may penetrate business and language of business be used in religion. “The Bill of Lading here reproduced for the first time,” (writes Tubby) “was presented to All Hallows by a friend in one of the old-established wine trade offices in the parish.* Some other firms have ledgers even older: there is indeed one which contains references to the dotage of Dean Swift and libels on a famous regiment. So history repeats itself. But this particular Bill of Lading has a far deeper interest than mere history. The form of words employed is strikingly religious. The modern business mind may, of course, easily reply that these religious phrases are out of place in a purely business document; and the economic historian may add that many dishonest transactions have been conducted under the cloak of piety. Yet when all is said and done, the fact remains that here we have an Oporto-London merchant calling down the grace of God upon his shipments and their safety; and what right have we to judge him insincere? *The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven* and Law's *Serious Call* both take it as a matter of course that the master will pray for his servants, and the business employer for his staff. It is in the fulfilment of such ideals that this Bill of Lading must have been first drawn. As such it has a claim upon the attention of Toc H; for we know well by now that nothing less than a steady and unflinching penetration of the business life itself with the hopes and aims entrusted to our stewardship can bring the conviction of God's presence back into the working weekday life.”

The trade-mark in the top left-hand corner of the bill, by a most curious and delightful coincidence, is full of symbolic meaning for Toc H. It shows the initials of Toc H surmounted by the Double Cross and a 4—for the Four Points of the Compass!

The *Indenture of Apprenticeship*, reproduced below the bill, is the result of an attempt which Tubby made a few years ago to draw up a “certificate” to be given to folk on their confirmation in the Church of England, which should be finer and more forcible than the rather sentimental and highly-coloured “confirmation cards” so often used by parishes. It represents the “confirnee,” very truly, as being bound in “an honourable apprenticeship,” and is “modelled on the Form of Indenture whereby the Worshipful Companies of the Craftsmen in the mediaeval Guilds attached in willing loyalty those who were to succeed them in the working Brotherhood”—for “Confirmation is a binding obligation between your Master, your working Fellowship (the Church), and you.” The “seal” is an ancient “crossword”—*Jesu, esto mihi Jesus* (Jesus, be to me Jesus), *Rex* (King), *Lex* (Law), *Dux* (Leader), *Lux* (Light). These cards are the copyright of The Challenge, and can be obtained from them at 24, Great Russell Street, W.C.1, printed in black and red, in two sizes.

* The block has very kindly been lent to the JOURNAL by Messrs. Estevez & Co. of Great Tower Street.

MULTUM IN PARVO

♣ We are glad to announce that the EARL OF HOME, K.T., has consented to become a President of Toc H, in the place of the late EARL BALFOUR.

♣ We welcome the following new Staff appointments :—Rev. H. E. BALDWIN (Congregationalist, late Padre, Westmorland District) to be whole-time *Padre, Eastern Area*, as from March 1 (he will work specially in the western part of the Area. It is hoped also to appoint a C. of E. Padre in the autumn); Rev. DAVID J. WALLACE (late Presbyterian Padre, Poplar Branch) to be *Area Padre* in London; G. K. TATTERSALL (Assistant Master, King's School, Worcester) to be *Assistant Schools Secretary*, from the Autumn; E. MANICO GULL to be *Overseas Commissioner for China*, and F. E. SARGOOD to be *Assistant Commissioner for Emigration*. The appointment of a *Secretary, West Midlands Area*, from the autumn, has been sanctioned.

♣ Congratulations to all those who helped to achieve the splendid total of £2,550 at the SHEFFIELD BAZAAR in October.

♣ The new LONDON AREA EXECUTIVE was formally appointed by the Central Executive on April 2.

♣ Our congratulations to WILLIAM A. DODD, Foundation Member, Secretary of Mark II, and Chairman of the London Rugger Club, and to GRACE M. BUTLER, hostess of the Toc H Guest House at Little Hatchett, who were married by Tubby at Beaulieu on March 1.

♣ Among the many errors in the ANNUAL REPORT which have been brought to our notice, it is worth recording that the decrease

in Annual Expenditure on Congregational Chaplains should be £257 and not £527 as there mentioned. We would also apologise to Viscount Plumer and Lord Baden-Powell for incorrectly printing their titles therein.

♣ TED SAMUEL, who, as Bursar, is continuing to raise money for the Prince of Wales' Fund for Building Toc H, now has his office in the Hyde Park Hotel, W.1, through the great generosity of the proprietors. Members who have ideas as to how this work may be furthered or who wish to consult him about possible donors in their neighbourhood, etc., will be able to see him there by appointment. There are sometimes, as the Derby House Committee knows, ways in which the Bursar can help local appeals approved at H.Q.

♣ LESLIE STEVENS, who was killed in a motor-bicycle accident last October, left a very fine set of coachbuilder's tools to his fellow-members of the Dulwich Branch. They are now anxious to dispose of these in order to make him some lasting memorial, and would be grateful to any Toc H member who can value or help to sell them. Address, D. S. Causer, 146, Denmark Hill, S.E.5.

♣ *Secretaries' List*: The following changes in the list which accompanies this number should be noted: HENDON, T. A. May, 76, Banstock Road, Burnt Oak, Edgware; LEATHERHEAD, R. Bond, "Larchwood," Headley Road; NEWGATE, J. Dickman, 39, Wincote Street, S.E.11; RAYLEIGH, G. R. Houghton, "St. Mildred's," Castle Terrace. *Overseas — Canada*: SHERBROOKE, N. W. Robins, 20, High Street.

QUARRY HOUSE—A HOLIDAY CENTRE

ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA is the "West End" of Hastings. If you were to go there, and, starting from the Pier, mount the hill for a couple of hundred yards, you would come to a great House in splendid grounds. Going in, you would find a cheery welcome and a crowd of busy folk. There are sitting-rooms full of armchairs, billiard-rooms, libraries of books, wireless, gramophones, pianos. It is Quarry House, a delightful holiday centre. Week-end parties are frequently arranged to Ostend and the Belgian Battlefields at a charge of 25s.

And all this is for the sum of 40s. per week from May to October, and 30s. per week the rest of the year. A booking-fee of 2s. 6d. is charged, returnable upon arrival. You would do well to get busy and write for particulars now to The Warden, Quarry House, St. Leonards-on-Sea.

IN MEMORIAM

The Lord Balfour of Whittinghame : A President of Toc H

Just a year before Lord Balfour passed over it was announced in these pages that he had consented to become a President of Toc H. During his brief time of office the state of his health prevented him from meeting the Family face to face and receiving the eager welcome which we should certainly have given him. But in his talks with Tubby he showed how true was his understanding of our aims and how warm his affection for "our Society," as he called it. In December he sent a message from his bed to say that he was "greatly distressed at being unable to take any personal share in the Birthday celebrations," and at the New Year he followed this up with a greeting to his fellow-members (see January JOURNAL, p. 30). The special message he then delivered deserves always to be remembered: "We of the English-speaking peoples throughout the world carry out our common work, as befits free people, largely through the instrument of free discussion. This is as it should be, but it has its dangers. It involves controversy—controversy indeed is of its essence—but controversy, if it is to do its best, must be fair, and controversial fairness is not an invariable accompaniment of controversial zeal. The habit of *fair* thinking, laid down in the code of Toc H, is as necessary to the efficient working of free institutions as the habit of *clear* thinking itself." He himself provided a most signal example of this principle: all his life he thought deeply and sought to see truth clearly, and in the many controversies of his long political career he tried to think and act fairly. This gave him that extraordinary charm to which, at his passing, friend and opponent alike have borne witness on a scale scarcely equalled in our time. And the secret of his fair thinking was, as we now see clearly, sincerity and courage. Toc H is the richer for his understanding and support.

Padre Harry Alexander Brewer : Kampala Group (Uganda)

It is with great regret that Kampala Group has to record the first break in its family circle through the passing over of Padre Harry Brewer. His enthusiasm and thoroughness in all he did were that of the phrase which might well have been his motto in life: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

As principal of the Busoga High School, Kamuli, and Commissioner of the Boy Scouts, he exercised an influence for good amongst the younger generation of Uganda which will be felt for many years to come. His connection with Toc H was brief, but he was always a welcome visitor and speaker at meetings, and from the very first, having made up his mind that he approved of the movement, he wished thenceforth to be actively associated with it.

He was gifted in many directions, but in none more than his capacity for inspiring friendship. His memory will always be an inspiration to those who had the privilege of knowing him.

D Bruce Nichol : Hon. Association Padre, Govan Branch

In the death, at the age of 43, of Bruce Nichol, Toc H has lost one of its most loyal friends and the Church of Scotland one of its most "coming" men—most "coming" because he did not really care whether he "came" or not. He had a deep sense of himself as being "called" and of his immediate circle as those who had been "given" him. As a Padre in Palestine—where he earned the M.C.—he never wanted a change of battalion: it happened to be a very difficult one for Padres, but these were the lads "given" him. In Edinburgh's worst slum he faced a gigantic task with totally inadequate resources for nine years—but he had been "called" to it. After a ministry in Dundee, in a totally different kind of parish, there came, last August, what seemed the big "call" for him—to minister in the slums of Glasgow in a church whose tradition was in tune with his conviction as a "High Churchman."

Never did a man enter more happily on his labours ; his strength was at its flood, his heart enamoured of the challenge that lay ahead. And now, "as in the twinkling of an eye," he has been "caught up"—his malady a mystery still. Bruce Nichol had an unexpected tryst to keep ; and Govan Branch, as they watched beside his bier all night in the empty church, loyally went with him to the Wicket Gate and waited as he passed over the Hill. They could do no more, but surely, as the Dawn came, they must have heard the Trumpets on the other side.

Captain Mark Benning ; Antwerp Group

Mark Benning was first secretary of the Antwerp Group, and one of the keenest and most energetic members of Toc H in Belgium. Trained for long years in the wide school of the sea, he had well learned its lessons of duty, reverence and discipline, lessons which, applied to his own life, made him the staunchest of friends and the wisest of counsellors.

In the English Church of St. Boniface, it was he who made the stranger welcome to the House of God ; in the Missions to Seamen, it was he who devoted his spare time and many gifts to the cheering of thousands of seafarers. In Toc H still less will he soon be lightly forgotten, but long remembered as a steadfast helper in all that was lovely and of good report.

Padre Charles Wilfred Gwennap Moore, D.S.O. : Bembridge Group

The sudden and very tragic death of Padre Gwennap Moore on March 6, robbed Bembridge Group not only of a loyal supporter and a fine man but also of a sincere pioneer of Toc H in the Isle of Wight. A record of great brilliance in the war, and a life-long active interest in the best and manliest sides of British sport, were supplemented by an energetic and tireless devotion to the physical, mental, cultural, and spiritual welfare of his parish. A man of great personal charm, he possessed that delightful facility in making and keeping friends which will make his passing over very deeply felt by all who knew him.

Arthur Boyle : Withington Group (Manchester)

Arthur Boyle, originally a member of Mark VI and a helper in the foundation of the Withington Group, was called to the Elder Brethren on February 24. Stricken by the hand of war—it became obvious that shell-shock was gradually wearing out an energetic and virile man—his one desire was to get well again and do Toc H service. Members of the Group, together with his wife and members of his family, joined in the Ceremony of Light before the funeral, a gesture which he himself would have greatly appreciated.

THE S.S.B. ADVISORY COMMITTEE

THE Central Executive has decided to add to the Schools Advisory Committee, and to constitute within it a small Standing Committee. It is hoped that by this arrangement the Schools Secretary will be able to obtain more frequent and detailed advice from the Standing Committee than was possible under the old arrangement. The schools work has now reached a stage which should render this closer consultation with men who are in active touch with various sides of the school world particularly valuable.

The Advisory Committee is now constituted as follows, those marked with an asterisk forming the Standing Committee :

Barclay Baron*, Gen. Sir W. P. Braithwaite, G.C.B., Sir Bruce Bruce-Porter, K.B.E., G. V. Carey (Headmaster of Eastbourne College)*, C. M. Cox (Berkhamsted School)*, W. H. Fyfe (Headmaster of Christ's Hospital), R. Gurner, M.C. (Headmaster of Whitgift School), Rev. M. P. G. Leonard, D.S.O.*, W. Macmillan, C. A. Nussey, V.D., P. D. Power (Boy Scouts' Association), Dr. M. J. Rendall, Maj.-Gen. Sir A. Sillem, K.C.M.G., *and P. A. Tharp (Headmaster of Collyer's School)*.

THE PARISH PUMP

THE following resolution was recently passed "at a well-attended meeting" of a keen group and forwarded to the Editor for his "necessary action :"—

"In view of the founder Padre's statement that the JOURNAL is not sufficiently read, we, the members of the — Group, are of opinion that it would be 'popularised' by the inclusion of more local news of outstanding interest." The covering letter in which this resolution was forwarded contained the following sentence: "A contraction of the 'heavy stuff' with a corresponding expansion of Group and Branch News would, we think, make the JOURNAL more widely read. Hoping this will help you to assess the provincial outlook on the JOURNAL."

A few days earlier the Editor had received a letter from one of the oldest branches of Toc H complaining that their doings were not mentioned often enough in Branch News, and suggesting the very clear-cut solution that a column (*i.e.*, half a page) a month should be reserved for them.

A few days earlier still the Editor received three postcards from overseas complaining in humorous and violent language that no news of Toc H in that part of the world had appeared in the JOURNAL for a long time. Was it oversight, or part of the fun, that headquarters had to pay excess postage on all three?

Let us take these three contentions of units of the family in the spirit in which they were meant, *i.e.*, seriously. And let us take them in the reverse order, *i.e.*, the simplest first. (1) News from that particular Dominion had not appeared in the JOURNAL for some time because it had not been received. As a matter of fact, some of this correspondent's news, which had taken six weeks and more to cross the world, had just got into print in these pages a few days before his postcards arrived. And a further instalment received a few days after his postcards is printed in the present number. This complaint is worth mentioning because it has happened before in other cases and will no doubt happen again. Possibly the simplest remedy would be for the Editor to "write up" the news without waiting to receive it, *e.g.* :—

"GORGONZOLA Group now has two probationers and is going strong. At a recent Guestnight, attended by the Mayor and Mrs. Thistledown, a most interesting and instructive talk was given by Brig.-General Purpleton, M.B.E., on 'The Habits of the House Fly.' A feed followed. The Annual General Meeting was held on Wednesday, 25th; 'Spud' Williams was re-elected Group Chairman for the ninth time and the Treasurer reported a welcome balance of 2s. 11d. Jobs go on as usual. The next great event is a whist-drive at the Kosy Cafe in aid of the local fire-brigade."

Not a phrase in all that but it cannot be paralleled in these pages (or in the Editor's waste-paper basket); compact, informative—what more do you want? And no one except the Group in question would spot that it wasn't genuine! And it proves conclusively that bricks can be made without straw. But can such bricks be used for building Toc H?

(2) Now let us take the second complaint and the suggested remedy. The answer is partly very simple because it is a mere matter of arithmetic. The family of Toc H consists at present of 710 units—480 at home and 230 overseas. Supposing, for the sake of argument, that each of the 90 units in the London Area alone contributed a column of news in a particular month. That would leave three pages over in a normal-sized issue of the JOURNAL for articles and other news. But, of course, only a proportion of our Branches and Groups report in any particular month. Let us take, quite at random, the first recent JOURNAL which comes to hand—it happens to be the February number of this year. Its eight pages of Branch News contain reports, varying much in length, from 140 units (106 at home and 34 abroad). If each of these could or would have contributed a column, we should have had 70 pages of Branch News—in other words nearly as much as this present issue of the JOURNAL and its 48-page supplement (the Annual Report) put together.

(3) Now let us come to the contention—the most serious and difficult of the three—that what members want is more Branch News and less “heavy stuff” (*i.e.*, articles). This involves the whole question, What is the JOURNAL for? And it is no new subject. It was raised at two annual meetings of the Central Council in succession. In 1926 a Councillor moved to reduce the price of the JOURNAL (and, as it was then pointed out, this would involve the reduction of its contents also)—but “the House did not proceed to a division.” In 1927 a Councillor brought forward a motion about the “highbrowness” of the JOURNAL—a motion which, after a long discussion, he withdrew.

Is the TOC H JOURNAL intended to be a magazine or a newspaper? And the answer surely is—a bit of both. Let us briefly consider its two functions. First as a *magazine*, that is as a purveyor of articles on subjects which should be of interest to many, if not all, members. Two or three or more pieces are printed in larger (“12-point”) type at the beginning of the JOURNAL every month. These—if you take a whole year’s volume—cover a very wide range of subjects, nearly as wide, let us hope, as the interests of our very varied readers. Some of these articles seem to have a lasting value in Toc H. They are reprinted, sometimes a year afterwards, by the overseas magazines of Toc H and by outside papers; and not a week passes but that some member applies to H.Q. for one or other “back number” of the JOURNAL which contained an article he wants to possess. Few articles are so “out of the way” that they do not find appreciative readers. Here, for instance, is a note lately received from Lord Cavan: “Just a line of congratulation on the February JOURNAL. *Mark well her Bulwarks* is so admirable that I hope Verona’s story may be continued”—and a reader on sick-leave in Italy wrote in the same strain. These pages are also, for instance, Tubby’s best pulpit. Whereas he preaches to 300 in All Hallows, he reaches many more than 12,000 through the JOURNAL, and his words are here preserved intact for all Toc H now and to come. In other words, the JOURNAL is in part (we believe much its most important part) a “teaching organ.” The great difficulty is to present the teaching in the form that suits everybody. The “plain man” (sometimes a little too proud of being “plain”—for trying to learn is the same as being very humble) is apt to glance at such an article and to say, “Highbrow—heavy stuff,” without making any effort to master it. If the Editor may be permitted to quote from his defence at the Council meeting in 1927 (see May JOURNAL, 1927, p. 183): “As for the charge that the JOURNAL was ‘highbrow,’ he would be sorry to see everything in it made simple enough for the simplest reader—the pace of the fleet reduced to that of the slowest ship. He thought that most men preferred to be confronted by ideas a little too difficult for them than too easy. Men’s minds like to be challenged, and he hoped such a challenge would continue to be thrown down in the pages of the JOURNAL.” Some members say to the Editor, “Why don’t you get plain people to write really simple things?” But when the plain people are asked, they either scratch their heads and say, “No fear!” or else they use phrases like “the dictatorship of the proletariat” which plain people (like the Editor) cannot understand at all. Once, in answer to such a charge, the Editor tried himself to write a pamphlet on Toc H entirely in words which he hoped would be understood by all. It proved more “highbrow” than anything in the world!

The JOURNAL’s second function—that of a *newspaper*. “What’s doing and round the world” takes up the greater part of the average number. It is printed in a slightly smaller type (“10-point”), partly because its “permanent” value of this news, as a matter of fact, varies very greatly. It is of interest to all as a whole, perhaps to “our furthest kindred” overseas in particular. The Birthday Thanksgiving in Westminster Abbey was like or to hear about a new job or a pilgrimage to the Old House. It matters not in the slightest degree for one moment to anybody (except to the Gorgonzola group) to know that Gorgonzola made £2 profit for the local fire brigade by its whist drive on the 14th.

And this narrows the issue down to the matter we started upon—*what about the Branch and Group News?* Do you read it? If not, what is the alternative?—for it seems certain that some record must be kept of the doings of Toc H in one part of the country or of the world for the information of the other parts.

At the risk of giving offence let us put a finger on one of the chief reasons why Branches and Groups send in news and why they complain of the small space it often gets. It is a pleasant human failing, common to almost every one of us, to like to “see ourselves in print.” In practice we wouldn’t at all mind betting that when (if at all) the average member opens the Branch News pages in this JOURNAL, he turns first to the section where his own Branch or Group may be printed in capital letters. This is perfectly natural—but it can be overdone. It is not so long ago since a Branch scribe attached a note to his news which ran, “Whatever you do, Mr. Editor, please don’t cut out the bit about Ginger’s moustache—it always makes his wife wild!” Now, while it is nice to know that Mrs. Ginger reads the JOURNAL, it is also worth remembering that the moustache of a member who is deservedly popular in Gorgonzola Group awakes no answering thrill in his unknown fellow-member in Ceylon or Tasmania. So Ginger, if he appeared at all in these pages, went clean-shaven for all Ceylon could tell. Strictly speaking, if the Branch News is *really* “for information,” the only piece you don’t need to look at is the piece about your own Branch—for you know all about that already. And items of news which are of no interest to anyone else—such as member’s moustaches, whist-drives, quality of buns at a Guest-night, quantity of rain at Group’s cricket match, probable profit on hoop-la at parish bazaar, fact that Group is “going strong” (it sometimes talks loudest, as we all know, when it is going weak)—such items of news ought to make a scribe hesitate before he sends them in and the Editor not hesitate for a second when he cuts them out. They are like village gossip round the parish pump, when a passing stranger overhears it. The difficulty—a real, vital difficulty, common to all mankind—is to “see ourselves as others see us,” and to maintain a sense of proportion between our own unit and the whole Family of Toc H. The face of the Group member lights up when he spies the familiar and beloved name of Gorgonzola in his new JOURNAL. Let him compare himself to little Mary Trediddle of Marazion, aged 12 to-day, who even now is listening in, scarcely daring to breathe, to the B.B.C. “Children’s Hour,” until the silvery voiced “Uncle” shall breathe *her* name into the universal ether, in the list of 372 little boys and girls who are receiving birthday congratulations. And let him remember (it would be cruel to remind little Mary of this) that long before that name is spoken, 99 per cent. of the B.B.C.’s listeners have shut off their loudspeakers until the next item is due. Even so the name and the deeds of Gorgonzola fail to “register” anything definite on the mind of 99 per cent. of JOURNAL readers.

Dear reader of Gorgonzola (for which fragrant name please substitute, everyone, the name of *your own* Branch or Group), we beg to assure you that this note is not “wrote sarcastic.” How are we all, between us, writers and Editor in co-operation, to make the Branch News more worth while? How shall we fill the available space with something which is inspiring, thought-provoking, historically interesting or practically useful to other units? The obvious difficulty is for a scribe, standing at close quarters to local events, to judge whether they are of interest to outsiders or not. A Branch birthday, for instance, may well be all four of those things to the unit concerned—but remember that nowadays in Toc H there are one or two Birthdays being celebrated somewhere almost every night in the year; some are a splendid success, others a pleasant entertainment, others frankly a bore. The fact that your Branch or Group had a Birthday last week may scarcely be worth one line of print, whereas an ingenious surprise item in the programme or what one of the speakers said, may well be worth twenty. Another real difficulty is that many of the best Toc H jobs are “secret service”; members and units daily do good by stealth and could not bear to have it advertised. We hope that Branches and Groups are not often heard blowing their own trumpets full blast in these pages—

but now and then, about the 15th of the month when news comes in, you might apply your ear to the editorial waste-paper basket and catch the echo of the trumpets quite distinctly! But the best units will always say too little rather than too much.

Let Branches and Groups, then, if they think it worth while, talk over this matter of news for the JOURNAL, aiming to transform it into a true record, month by month, of the life and work of Toc H. Meanwhile two alternative courses (there may be others) suggest themselves:—

(a) Shall we encourage any unit which has something of *general* interest to report, to do so at whatever length it sees fit—subject always to the Editor's blue pencil—and all units which have nothing outstanding to say to keep silence until occasion arises?

(b) Or shall we try to work it by Areas, *i.e.*, to allot the whole home news section in a particular issue (with due notice) to certain particular Areas? There are now ten Areas in England, and in addition there is Toc H in Wales, Scotland and Ireland. There are eleven numbers of the JOURNAL (none is published in September) in the year. In order to give every Area two chances in the year, we might arrange the news as follows:—

January and June: London, Northern Area and Wales.

February and July: South Eastern Area, North Western Area and Scotland.

March and August: Eastern Area and Western Area.

April and October: West Midlands Area and Yorkshire Area.

May and November: East Midlands Area, Southern Area and Ireland.

December: The year's best job from anywhere. Let 'em all come!

Clearly in all cases where the Area is now to some extent organised and has a staff of its own, the news would best be collected, sorted and written up by those on the spot before being sent to the Editor. *Of course very outstanding events should be reported from anywhere at any time.*

There remains the *Overseas* news, which many of us regard as the most important, and usually the most interesting, part of the Branch News. This might be allowed, for the time being, to come in as and when it will, according to present custom.

Finally, let us not despise nor belittle the parish pump. History has sometimes been made round the parish pumps of our country, and among the fleeting gossip which goes on there o' nights, is heard now and again some fragment of the wisdom of the ages. When that happens in *your* part of the world, be sure to let the rest of Toc H know about it through the pages of this JOURNAL.

THE EDITOR.

Bearing the above in mind, let us now read the

NEWS FROM BRANCHES AND GROUPS

London Area

The formation of the new *London Area Executive* is now well under weigh. The members of the Executive have met for an informal week-end conference at Pierhead House, Wapping, and London is facing up to its increased responsibilities and opportunities. In 1926, when the London Federation was formed, there were 7 Districts with 40 units; there are now 90 units working in teams of 12

Districts, as follows: North London, North Middlesex, Barnet, East London (with 5 sub-districts), South-East London, South London, Croydon, South-West London, Kingston, West London, West Middlesex and North-West London.

North London District.—Pat Leonard was the speaker at the last Guestnight of the old Northern District in HOXTON. Pat's talk,

mainly on the theme of Fellowship, will be long remembered. HIGHGATE recently listened to Captain Euan Wallace, M.P., the first Secretary of the House of Commons Group, and one of the Whips in the House, who snatched a few hours from his duties to speak on "Parliament."

Barnet District.—Jobs recently done by FINCHLEY include a tea and cinema show for crippled children, another Blood Transfusion, and the provision of a secretary for a local appeal on behalf of the National Playing Fields Association.

East London District.—The work of SOUTH-END-ON-SEA in providing wireless sets for the blind has been further recognised by the Blind Committee of the Corporation, who have made a donation for further sets to be built. Visits are now being made to Rochford Hospital, where regular book distributions are greatly assisting friendliness.

Croydon District.—The CROYDON Birthday kicked off with a football match amidst rain and mud. The rest of the week-end went cheerily with well-attended meetings and services. Pat Leonard's informal talk on the dangers of Toc H Sunday services was particularly helpful. The new Groups at WEST CROYDON and THORNTON HEATH are progressing. CARSHALTON and CROYDON held a joint meeting on March 13 and discussed "Marks."

North-West London District.—HENDON are making sure progress on the L.C.C. Watling Estate at Burnt Oak, where, among other activities, they have made themselves responsible for a cripple parlour. A successful concert to produce funds for this was held recently. Their neighbours in the MILL HILL Grove are looking forward to an early recognition as a Group.

At Pierhead House, Wapping, there have been many District, Branch and Group week-ends this year, as well as a week-end for Pilots. The next Training Week-end will be on May 10 and 11. Bookings should be made now for the summer, with meals and talk in the riverside garden.

Bishop Neville Talbot was welcomed at a *North-of-the-River Family Night* at Talbot House, Trinity Square, on March 19. He talked for over an hour on the Old House, the problems of South Africa, and the Christian basis of Toc H. His usual vivid style and forceful delivery delighted and inspired every one. On April 10 he speaks to members South of the River at Stannary Street Hall, Kennington.

At long last Mark XXII, Bermondsey, has been replaced by the new MARK XXII, which opens its doors at 95, Denmark Hill, S.E.5, this month. A small house team under the Warden, A. G. Maclellan (late of Mark III), has been in training for three months. Mark III, 148, York Road, S.E.1, temporarily occupied as headquarters, will be replaced, as soon as alterations are complete, by the new Mark III in Church Crescent, South Hackney, E.9. So great is the demand for vacancies in the London Marks that not one in five applications has been accepted recently.

London Sports Club.—On April 5, after very many keenly contested struggles in the early rounds, Mark I beat the previously unscored against Mark II team in the final of the Fourth Annual "Seven-a-Side" Tournament of the London Rugger Club, at New Barnet. Altogether twenty-one teams were entered, and entries from several new teams were especially welcome. It is a fine thing to notice that Nottingham and District, Bedford and Eton College entered teams.

Eastern Area

A certain amount of damage was done to CLACTON'S Headquarters, "The Loft," on February 21, by a sudden fire in the factory next door, but the Lamp and Petition were fortunately saved. On February 25, Branch

Padre Ison gave a most inspiring talk on what Toc H stands for. DUNSTABLE Group have found the small room, which they acquired last September, has done much to develop a Group Family Spirit as a real power. Their

chief guest on February 10, the Deputy Mayor of Dunstable, instead of talking himself, invited each member present to tell why he had joined Toc H, an opportunity which enabled

many to clarify their thoughts and beliefs. A visit by John Mallet recently was so much appreciated that a return fixture was immediately arranged for May 19.

Southern and South-Eastern Areas

The chief event of *West Surrey District's* month was WEYBRIDGE'S fourth birthday festival on February 15 and 16, when parts of *The Upper Room* were used at a Dedication and Thanksgiving Service in the Congregational Church. A birthday talk at the crowded Guestnight on "Stocktaking" produced a long and healthy discussion. Later, a record number attended Corporate Communion and breakfast, and Tubby's Birthday address was discussed. The Branch has decided to renew correspondence with St. John's (Newfoundland) Group and also to write to Warnambool (Australia). WOKING are trying the experiment of inviting three speaker guests each month. Interesting talks on "Mental Hospital Work" and "Rotary" were followed by Pat Leonard on "Guestnights," an evening which gave the Group furiously to think.

A tea to 230 poor children, on February 27, followed by a concert, both arranged by the WHITSTABLE Branch, was much appreciated by the kiddies. TUNBRIDGE WELLS have recently embarked on the new corporate job of chopping rough wood, received from tradesmen, into bundled firewood for distribution to the old folks of the town. A defect in recent programmes has been the lack of Guestnights, and the Branch made a start to remedy this on March 10, when E. L. Bretherton, the president, was speaker. The local L.W.H. Group recently received a visit from Mrs. Halliley. SHEERNESS are still groping hard, and on March 6 held a big Guestnight at which SITTINGBOURNE and GILLINGHAM were their visitors. Gardening work at Minster was a recent job.

Important fixtures of the WEST KENT Branch for 1930 include the following: July 19, Summer Rally and Camp at Shipbourne; October 15, Rally at the Men's Club, Offham; November 11, Armistice Service at Platt Church; December 10, Dinner at East

Farleigh. The latter Wing recently held a Children's Treat for 180 kiddies in an old waterworks building, which till a few days before the event was used as a fruit cannery refuse dump, but was cleared and decorated by members in a few hours. An Old Folks' Dinner Party and Concert followed on the next day, and saw the beginnings of several friendships which have led to other jobs among the poor and aged. OTFORD Wing, having set the War Memorial Club, "The Hut," on its feet again, have withdrawn from the committee and are turning their attention to the possibilities of Scouts or Wolf Cubs.

PETWORTH Branch has now taken over the control of the Petworth Institute, in which clubs for the boys, elder boys and men of the town are run. This should prove a rich recruiting ground for Toc H locally. A successful Whist Drive produced needed funds for the Institute, and these will be supplemented by a District Appeal for equipment.

The BOURNEMOUTH *Toc H Magazine*, which improves with each monthly issue, reports very favourably on the First Conference of District Officers held at the House on February 22 and 23, when "Slack Members," "The Jobmaster," and "The Pilot," were fully and informatively discussed. There are now in the House nine hostellers and eight apprentices, who are all working to improve the home of Toc H in Bournemouth. For the past four or five weeks a Sunday Evening Boys' Club has been working in a small way, and efforts are being made to bring it to the notice of a larger number of boys. A successful Grouse Night was held on February 19, when the Executive's biggest grouse was that the real grouse failed to attend. The PORTSMOUTH Branch received a very interesting and helpful address on the first and last points of the compass from the Bishop of Portsmouth on March 6, and the following

day invited Mr. Oliver to address Portsmouth Rovers on "Blood Transfusion." Members from Malta and H.M.S. *Effingham* have recently been welcomed.

Gilbert Williams and Garner Freeston visited BRIGHTON AND HOVE Branch in March and gave an enlightening chat. Many members from BURWASH, EAST-

BOURNE, LEWES, PETWORTH, SHOREHAM and WORTHING were present at the first of what will undoubtedly prove a very interesting series of District Guestnights. The recently re-formed Sea Scout Troup at COWES is going on well under the wing of the Branch, who have also raised £29 for Toc H.

East Midlands Area

Since coming into existence as a Group in September, 1929, KETTERING have organised Lifeboat Saturday and doubled the collections, run weekly concerts at the Basingstoke Labour Camp, held a Christmas Treat for 350 needy kiddies, entertained them at the local Open Air School, very finely produced "The Unknown Warrior," and as a result of it passed a cheque for £43 to the District Nurses' Fund. HORNCASTLE Group, whose Rushlight was dedicated in St. Mary's Church on February 27 with a fine address by Padre Stedman, officially entered into possession of their new headquarters on January 23. With the assistance of LOUTH and SPILSBY, members were initiated, and welcome advice and encouragement came from Padre Siderfin and "Steve" of Leicester. The opening of the Toc H room every Saturday to waiting bus passengers has been much appreciated.

From the month's doings, *Leicester District's* Pancake Party stands out as a useful show. BELGRAVE won the Grease, and Gilbert Williams spoke breezily but no less deeply on current Toc H problems. Recent Guestnights on Toc H at ANSTEY have been by the

District Pilot on "What Toc H can do," and then from another side on "The Outsider's Views of Toc H," by Rev. John Stewart. The discussion of a subject from the JOURNAL provided members and probationers with a helpful night on February 27.

LOUGHBOROUGH are considering ways and means of raising money with which to furnish the new Headquarters that have been their home since March 25. A Family Night and a talk by the Congregational Minister on "The Foundations of Religions," have furnished MARKET HARBOROUGH with two of their most interesting meetings lately. The Branch regret to report that their Chairman, W. J. Catlin, passed forward after a short illness on March 24.

Old books have been collected for the Mansfield Orthopædic Hospital by WELLINGBOROUGH. Magazines are being sent regularly to the Cottage Hospital, hungry children have been fed and entertained, and Two Young People's Services have been held under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A. on Sunday evenings. Toc H in LEICESTER will be "At Home" at a Garden Party similar to last year's on Saturday, July 12, at the Stoneygate.

West Midlands Area

Birmingham District held a rally on Saturday, March 8. Stanley Troop opened a conference on "The Development of Toc H with Special Reference to Birmingham," and Reevo took a Thanksgiving Service in Carrs Lane Congregational Church, at which Pat Leonard gave a fine address. This was followed by a "mix up" at which Pat again spoke and taught a

new action song, and by a Guestnight organised by SMALL HEATH. This was very original, representing a fair booth in a country village. The whole thing was written and produced by one member of the Group, all of whom took some part in the show or "orchestra." Prayers by Reevo closed a very cheery Guestnight. Two Sunday evening clubs are still

being run and proving popular. MARK VI Branch have been lucky in having a fine talk from Mr. Barry Jackson on the "Need of the Drama in the Intellectual Life of To-day." A party from the Branch recently visited the Hippodrome, where Wee Georgie Wood (a Branch member) was playing. The visit was returned by Georgie on the Guestnight. Birmingham Toc H have in mind a job on Sunday afternoons in the Workhouse Casual Ward and the Branch would therefore be glad to receive hints from units who are already working in this direction. YENTON Group held their second Birthday Celebrations

in their room on March 5. The *Warwickshire District* Committee have decided to recommend the NUNEATON Grove for full Group status. LADBROKE Group are also doing a fine bit of missionary work in the Avon Dassett district, where a Grove may shortly come into being, and it will not be long before WARWICK apply for recognition as a Group. The larger families are doing well. COVENTRY and RUGBY members listened to Alex Paterson's talk at Coventry Cathedral on the "Right Use of Leisure," and several had the chance of a talk with Alex afterwards.

North-Western Area

The *Manchester District* had for the first time a District Guestnight in the farthestmost part of its District when Oogaff was the chief guest at OLDHAM. The District Committee has formed a team for dealing with migrants and one of its first activities has been to obtain a list of intending migrants from the local Labour Exchange. Armed with this list, units in MANCHESTER are able to make contacts with the boys' homes while they are yet at the training camp.

In the *Stockport District*, CHEADLE, KNYPERSELEY and ENDON have all been recognised as Groups and have received their Rushlights. It is hoped that the last two units will form the nucleus of a District which would comprise the almost untouched territory in the South of Cheshire.

On March 26 a *North Lancashire District* Guestnight was held at PRESTON with Sawbones as the chief guest. The BLACKPOOL Branch, after some steady work, have at last got their Boys' Club thoroughly going, and now they are in process of forming a Rover Troop. LANCASTER are making a speciality of monthly Guestnights. Recently they gave a concert to sixty blind people and a feed to about seventy poor children. Five other members are looking after a Boys' Club. PRESTON Group recently arranged a Guestnight at which many guests were of the local Rotary Club.

About one hundred fellows from the *Bolton*

District recently came together and listened to Ritchie de Louis, who was the chief guest. BOLTON run a Sunday School Hour in conjunction with the "Girls Club Committee," at which they get between 150 and 200 boys and girls, who would otherwise be parading the streets. On Shrove Tuesday they had a Social Evening with the L.W.H., in which soot and panshine played no small part. The Library Scheme flourishes apace at two large hospitals and is greatly appreciated by the patients. RAMSBOTTOM, with the news of their promotion to Branch status, also learned of the loss of one of their greatest and most staunch supporters in Mr. Ben Turnbull, who passed away on February 28.

Although the *East Lancs District* is as yet only provisional it is making good progress. ACCRINGTON have settled in their new rooms and possess a Rover den. The Group have reorganised the tin-foil collection and divided the town into Districts for regular collections to be made. They have also formed a Dramatic Society with the help of the Rovers and L.W.H. BURNLEY held a District Guestnight recently when Pat Leonard was present and Arthur Lodge and Padre Sawbridge were in charge of the evening. There was a large attendance, including visitors and members from Denmark, the Royal Navy and the Yorkshire district. BARNOLDSWICK have been sanctioned as a Group and are occupied with the Council Free Library.

Probably by the time this is in print the *Liverpool District* will have been split up into two parts. This step was inevitable upon the rapid growth of Toc H in these parts, which made the District Committee more and more like an Area Conference in size. The Committee recently set up a Pilots' team, which, in charge of the District Pilot, is hoping to do much to bring up the young Pilot in the way

he should go. The district is looking forward to the visit of Barkis on May 10, when a "benanza" or super District Guestnight is fixed.

It may interest other Areas to know that one of the jobs tackled by the Area Executive has been that of finding a panel of Overseas Commissioners to fulfil the same functions in the North Western Area as those fulfilled by the Overseas Commissioners in London.

Northern Area

On March 20, WEST HARTLEPOOL arranged a big Guestnight in the clubroom, when W. Featherstone, of Leeds, gave a long lantern lecture on the Boy Scouts' Jamboree at Birkenhead. Another Thursday evening took the equally successful form of another excellent lantern lecture on the League of Nations. The ceremonies of the dedication of the L.W.H. Lamp and the rededication of the Toc H Lamp were held on February 24 in St. George's Church, and were conducted by the Branch padre, Rev. F. W. Nicholls, and Rev. R. H. Talbot. Toc H and L.W.H. in the

Hartlepoons take duty on alternate months at the Cameron Hospital Library, which they have thoroughly reorganised and restocked with books, by working two evenings a week. One evening each week is spent at the Deaf and Dumb Social Club and one at the St. James' Church Boys' Club.

The Social Hour Services on Sunday nights at MORPETH are a great help to members and others. A weekly service at the Workhouse is another big job, and a Garden Fete is being arranged for June. The old Stable has been converted into very satisfactory headquarters.

Western Area

Officers of Branches, Groups, Groves and Wings of the *Mid-Gloucester District* attended a week-end conference on February 8 and 9. Rex Calkin (London Area Secretary) and Keith Fraser (Hon. Secretary, East London District) together with the Area Padre, Bill Maddock, took charge of the programme which followed closely the lines adopted at the Pierhead House Training Week-ends. It was a stimulating experience, and arrangements are to be made for a Refresher Course during next summer.

By the courtesy of the Cheltenham College Council the first birthday of the district was held in the Chapel, the Gym, and the Big Classical of the College on February 27. All the Units in the district attended in force and with guests the crowd numbered nearly 600. In the much-regretted absence of the Area Padre, Padre Hubbard took the service and the Rev. Hodgson of Wolverhampton gave the

address. At the conclusion, the members formed a large double cross for the ceremony of Grand Light. Cheltenham L.W.H. under the direction of Waite (Cheltenham Branch) carried out the catering very successfully. After refreshments, the meeting in the Big Classical was addressed by Hardy (Headmaster, Cheltenham College), and Barkis on the progress of Toc H across the world, Lord Apsley being Chairman.

TIVERTON Group celebrated their first birthday on March 4, when they were joined by blokes from EXETER and WILLINGTON. Padre Capel Cure conducted a service of rededication, and a forceful reminder of our pledges came from Bill Maddock. Tiverton has now 31 members and eight probationers and among the jobs for which they are responsible is a series of sacred concerts on Sunday evenings after service hours. Every week there is a crowded "house," mostly of

young people at the Memorial Hall, and on each occasion opportunity is given for one or other of the local philanthropic organisations to make known its work. Other jobs include regular visits to the men's house at the Poor Law Institution, provision of instructors to the Scouts, and the organisation of a transport corps for the local orthopaedic clinic. The Group is also pledged to support a small company, principally formed from among the members, for the purpose of conducting a hostel for wayfarers.

Tubby's *Upper Room*, the presence of Gilbert Williams, the atmosphere of the Parish Church, the whole-hearted and inspiring help of Free Church Ministers, a fine week-end, and many visitors from a wide radius, all these things and many more helped to make their two-days Birthday Festival on March 22 and 23 something real for SWINDON. GLOUCESTER, HUNGERFORD, CHIPPENHAM, BRISTOL, CHELTENHAM and CIRENCESTER brought their share of blessing and support to the Festival and did not go away empty.

Wales

During March, strenuous efforts have been made to resuscitate Toc H in MERTHYR where, we hope, the foundations are now well laid. The Area Secretary and Area Pilot have recently made a tour of the Mid and North Wales Groups, and meetings in ABERDARE, PONTYPOOL and ABERTILLERY have met with considerable success. ABERYSTWYTH are going very strong, but soon lose their Secretary, Aneurin Lewis, who is going to Kenya. Their Pilot is also leaving and goes to Towyn, where we shall hope shortly to see a Group. At HOLYHEAD there has been in existence for some weeks a

Grope, and a first-class meeting was held there. A large meeting was also held at RHYL, where the Grope owes its being to the activities of COLWYN BAY. The next night WREXHAM, which has suffered very considerably from losses of officers but is making a brave effort to regain lost ground, was visited. BRIDGEND GROUP have been through many vicissitudes and completely changed all officers. Many jobs have been tackled, amongst which work for blind children and distribution of clothing to the necessitous take a prominent place.

Scotland

The POLLOK Group have now settled down in their new quarters. They have already felt the advantage of large and commodious premises, and are no longer dependent upon other organisations for the use of a hall for the children's parties, which are given every six weeks alternatively to necessitous and

cripple children. A Boys' Club has been opened on Saturday nights, and already a growing crowd of local lads is taking advantage of the rooms, which are well stocked with healthy literature and games. A party from the club have arranged to visit a coal mine in the near future.

Irish Free State

The DUBLIN Grope is increasing in strength, and a variety of jobs is being tackled. Toc H is organising Children's Playgrounds and a large plot of land has been converted into allotments, which are being cultivated with great keenness by children from the slum areas. The Grope also helped in the organisation of, and contributed two sketches to,

a charity concert promoted by the Irish Women Citizens. Hospital visiting has become a regular feature. Sawbones' brief visit was a great stimulus to Toc H in the Free State although he was unfortunately unable to attend any meetings of the Group. Incidentally it is hoped to make an early start with the L.W.H.

News from Overseas Branches and Groups

CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

ST JAMES (WINNIPEG) Branch, who recently received their Lamp, have concentrated on the jobs side, more especially on work for boys. The Hockey Leagues, organised by them for boys not cared for by any organisation, are now doing good work for some 200 youths from 10 to 18, and the weekly meetings on Toc H which have come out of them are becoming overcrowded. Very soon these will become bi-weekly and the programmes now being arranged for the boys include indoor games, special speakers, talks on Toc H by Branch members, prayers, and the Ceremony of Light.

SHERBROOKE Group (Eastern Canada) have spent a quiet but profitable winter with a membership of 13 and two probationers. Several worth-while jobs have been tackled, and plans are now being made for a library in the Sherbrooke Hospital. The Group recently became the proud possessors of a Banner, the gift and beautiful handiwork of a member of Montreal L.W.H.

Two young Toc H journals from Canada

come our way this month, the *Breezer* of KELOWNA, British Columbia, which records fortnightly Group meetings in the future, and an attendance of 25 to 30 at the Group's boys' club, and the *Toc Alta* of CALGARY. The latter Group is to send a Toc H representative to the annual banquet given by the Y.M.C.A. to young boys, when every service club and organisation which is connected with, or aids in, boys' movements, will send a delegate. The Toc H man will be in charge of two youngsters, and this affair promises to be a big thing in the lives of the youth of Calgary, bringing, as it does, men and boys into closer contact. Calgary and HILLHURST Groups are arranging to keep better in touch by visiting each other's meetings on alternate weeks.

At the Annual Meeting of ST. JOHN'S (NEWFOUNDLAND), a fine year of solid work in connection with the Sudbury Hospital, the Town Planning Commission, Scouts, Jamboree Troop Instruction, Child Welfare Clean-Up Week, and entertaining crews, was reviewed.

CEYLON

One of the most interesting nights enjoyed by COLOMBO Branch recently was on the occasion of a lecture on February 10, by Herr W. von Pochhammer, the German Consul, on "Modern Germany." An excellent audience—24 members and seven guests—found it particularly interesting to note how akin many Toc H ideas are to those of the Youth Movement in Germany.

A concert was arranged by the Branch in February at the B.S.S.L., and later Toc H cars took 30 sailors round Colombo. A bathing

party at Wellawatte with the crew of a merchant ship made another unusual and enjoyable job. The boys' club and Toc H Scouts, too, are going forward successfully.

Rev. McLeod Campbell (Chairman of the KANDY Group) now needs only 170 rupees to wipe off a small deficit on the cost of a Toc H pillar for Trinity College Chapel.

The Annual Report of Toc H Ceylon records a general and healthy progress in all branches of the very widespread activities of the two units.

EGYPT

Since last reporting, jobs done by the ALEXANDRIA Group range from an outing for Slum Sunday School kiddies to assisting—at the request of the Consul—at various entertainments arranged by the British Community

for the crews of visiting warships. Running sideshows at a Y.W.C.A. Fete was a boisterous affair and materially added to the funds raised.

The two outstanding recent events, however, were the arrival of Padre D. J. Chitty, whose

appointment as Group Padre has been approved, and, on January 15, an impressive Initiation Service in St. Mark's Church.

With the assistance of a few friends of the Group, a concert was recently given at the Seamen's Home.

SOUTH AFRICA

From the Transvaal comes news of another start on extension work after a period of consolidation. At the end of January a big batch of JOHANNESBURG CENTRAL members attended a preliminary meeting at KENILWORTH in the Southern Suburbs, where the Johannesburg South Group came to an end some time ago. But now the seed has been resown in what, it is confidently hoped, will be better soil. At a second meeting a week later it was definitely decided to form a Grope. On February 3, Gaika (Padre W. H. Kinsey), the "Ha Ha" (D. G. Mosses, Hon. Asst. Administrator), Darkie Webster (late of Sheffield and Southampton) and Eric Tucker, held a meeting at ROSEBANK in what, happily enough, had been the first church to which Gaika came out in 1913. Derrick Clarkson, one of Gaika's old scouts, had collected together a fine array of youth, most of them past or present scouts, and there is every indication of a Grope being formed.

At the Transvaal Provincial Executive meeting of February 8, it was decided, by the casting vote of the chairman, that the Transvaal should not hold a Birthday Festival in April, as in past years, but fall into line with the rest of the world and South Africa, and hold it in December. The dedication of the Provincial Lamp on February 1 was a noteworthy event (see March JOURNAL, page 115).

JOHANNESBURG CENTRAL has been recovering slowly from a long period of many difficulties. It has now built up its attendances again and has decided to undertake an independent social survey of one of the worst slum areas, with a view to publishing facts and so rousing public opinion. It is a job in which the start must necessarily be painfully slow, and altogether the Branch, in Ronnie Grant's opinion, will be lucky if it accomplishes it inside two years. On January 31, far and away the most successful Toc H

function of its kind was held at the Wanderers' Hall, when Johannesburg Central organised a dance in aid of Dean Palmer's Shelter and the reduction of the remaining debt on the defunct Mark. Over £70 was raised, and Central is congratulating itself on having Mervin Fraley as its treasurer. Regular jobs include weekly cinema entertainments for native children in the Sophiatown Location, hospital visiting, and monthly concerts for phthisis patients, but on the whole jobs are scarce. Scout headquarters are suitable, but Central badly needs a permanent room of its own. Padre Goodall (the sub-Dean) is hoping that the Transvaal Executive may be able to take over the running of *The Compass*, the two numbers of which published to date have been brought out by him on behalf of Central. The Branch Lamp is to be shared for keeping by various churches, and by lot St. Mary's Cathedral has become its first temporary resting-place.

In the Eastern Province the chief event of the month for PORT ELIZABETH Branch was their Annual General Meeting on January 16. The Padre's report was brief and to the point, and he remarked on the fact that no Dutch-speaking members had as yet been introduced into the Branch, voicing a hope that Toc H might do its share in bringing together the two white races of South Africa. The following Thursday was profitably spent discussing jobs. CRADOCK are working to improve conditions at the local swimming bath and to start a swimming club.

The *Quarterly Bulletin* of NAIROBI Group, which increased in numbers from half-a-dozen members to 20 members and a dozen probationers during the past year, reports steady progress both in its own work and in that of the MOMBASA Group, which has also increased its membership considerably. The Quarter under review has also seen the inauguration of a Nairobi Group of L.W.H.